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Contents

The Week	297
Editorials	
The Republican Brain Trust.....	299
Sabotage at Sea.....	301
From T. V. A. to M. V. A.....	301
Those Lazy Unemployed.....	302
More Spies on Labor.....	303
General Articles	
If You Buy a Car.....D. H. Palmer	304
France Decides Europe's Fate.....Henri Lefebvre	306
Dramatis Personae: 1896-1902.....	
.....William Butler Yeats	308
The Socialists' Trial in Vienna.....M. W. Fodor	311
Washington Notes.....T. R. B.	312
Other People's Money.....John T. Flynn	313
On the Labor Front.....William P. Mangold	314
Mr. Capra Goes to Town.....Otis Ferguson	315
Journalism Under Dictatorship.....	316
The Bandwagon.....Paul Weiss	317
Correspondence	317
Books in Review	
The Making of a Writer.....Malcolm Cowley	317
The Great Day.....C. Hartley Grattan	320
From Whiggery to Liberalism.....Herman Simpson	320
Impression of a Poet.....Hildegard Flanner	321
The Business of Esthetics.....Paul Weiss	321
Primitives as People.....Melville J. Herskovits	322
Exploration: Two Types.....Robert M. Coates	322
Fiction Notes.....	323

The Week

FRANCE and Great Britain, driven far apart by clashing points of view regarding Italy and Germany, temporarily put aside the Rhineland question this week as they concentrated on efforts to bring about a solution of the Ethiopian conflict. While diplomats argued at Geneva and the League Committee of Thirteen sought formal expressions of policy from representatives of Italy and Ethiopia, large bodies of Italian troops moved into the Lake Tana area and encamped in force along the border of Sudan. This served to heighten the apprehensiveness of the British, but the Cabinet was proceeding with caution. France, fearful of losing a Locarno ally, advocated a hands-off policy for the League while Italy and Ethiopia entered into direct negotiations for peace. In view of continued victories by the Italians, it seemed probable that

Mussolini would be content with nothing less than control of all Ethiopia, possibly through the device of a puppet state such as Manchukuo. Any such settlement, reached outside the framework of the League, would not only jeopardize British interests in the Lake Tana region but would also mark complete failure of the sanctions policy of the League. So involved did the impasse become this week that a considerable section of Right-Center opinion in France actually called for that country's withdrawal from the League—the very body that is so often charged with being a mere instrument for maintaining French dominance in Europe. British public opinion continued to be almost as confused as British diplomacy. In France, two main lines of thought developed as the Right advocated non-interference with Italy, while the People's Front pressed for sanctions against both Italy and Germany.

ON THE other side of the globe, a formal alliance between Manchukuo and the "autonomous" region in Hopei and Chahar Provinces in North China was announced from Tokyo. Armed clashes along the border of Outer Mongolia continued. Soviet authorities protested against spying on their embassy in Tokyo, and several officials of border provinces in Manchukuo were arrested on charges of furnishing military information to the Soviet Union. President Niceto Alcalá Zamora of Spain was removed from office by votes of the Leftist coalition now in power, and the election of a new President was set for May 17. Former President Calles of Mexico, who succeeded Obregon and, in office and out, ruled Mexico for more than a decade, was sent into exile by the present Cardenas government. Calles is suspected of fascist ambitions—he carried a copy of Hitler's "Mein Kampf" in the airplane that flew him over the border to California—and his exile evoked a mass demonstration of approval from the workers in Mexico City. A proposal for an American League of Nations in the Western Hemisphere was made by Colombia, Guatemala and the Dominican Republic, three of the seventeen nations that so far have sent acceptances to President Roosevelt's invitation to attend an Inter-America Conference at Buenos Aires.

CONGRESS continued to wrestle with the writing of a tax bill, and indications were that the present session would last until the first week of June and possibly later. Both houses passed bills embodying the administration proposal for making the Rural Electrification Administration a permanent agency to be financed by appropriations of \$400,000,000 over a ten-year period. The bills now go to conference to reconcile the slight differences between them. Chairman Henry P. Fletcher of the Republican National Committee announced the formation of a group of nine university professors to make an analytical study of the New Deal, and thus the original Democratic brain trust was to be offset by a like body of Republicans. The politically vexing incident caused by the removal of Major General Johnson Hagood from active duty, allegedly because of criticism of New Deal policies, was closed—it was hoped—when the personal intervention of President Roosevelt restored Hagood to duty and placed him in command of the Sixth Corps Area, with headquarters in Chicago, and of the Second Field Army.

WELL fed people who are cheered by enlarged dividend checks and curves of rising production just can't believe that there are still 12,000,000 unemployed persons in this country. The facts do not jibe with their faith in capitalism. When statistics are published showing that relief rolls have increased, these comfortable persons argue—without any knowledge of the facts—that the increase is due to a combination of political corruption and the laziness of the jobless. Further propaganda against the unemployed is supplied in New York City by the reactionary Herald Tribune and relief administrator Victor Ridder himself, in the shape of articles and reports showing that associations of those on relief have been organized by, and are being led by, Communists. The inference one is supposed to draw from this acknowledged fact is either that the unemployed in question should not have their chosen union, or that their complaints are exaggerated, or even that they do not deserve relief at all. It would be hard to find a purer *non-sequitur*. Communists certainly have a logical right to exploit unemployment, since it is the blackest mark against the system they oppose. And if they have been able to make political capital out of present conditions, how much more would they be able to make if the unemployed were denied the right to protest, or were forced to suffer even less adequate relief!

AMERICAN students will demonstrate against war in a peace strike that is scheduled to take place at eleven o'clock on the morning of April 22. An estimated half-million students in high schools and colleges, supported by sympathy demonstrations in foreign countries, will quietly walk out of their classes for one hour in dramatic and visible protest against the holocaust toward which the world seems to be heading. There was a great

deal of misunderstanding and some disorder on the occasion of the peace strike held last year. College authorities in some cases adopted strict disciplinary measures to block the walk-out and—much more sinister in the ultimate threat to peace and civil liberties—student vigilante groups at some institutions attempted forcibly to interfere with the demonstration. Encouraging indeed is the report from the American Student Union this year that seventeen college presidents have given written assurance that they will not only make no attempt to stop the anti-war demonstration, but will actively cooperate in it. This seems to us a reasonable and laudable recognition of the high-minded motives that impel students to take part in the strike, and of the value of its ultimate objectives. Surely there could be no more praiseworthy goal than the prevention of war. Surely no persons are more entitled to present their views on the subject than the young men who will be called upon to serve as cannon fodder in any future conflict and the young women who will be their wives, sweethearts—and widows.

SENATOR Costigan of Colorado has long been one of the most effective members of the progressive group in the United States Senate. Nominally a Democrat, he has never hesitated to break the party ranks on any question when he believed that the public welfare required him to do so. We now learn with keen regret that he has decided not to become a candidate again. To say that he can ill be spared is an understatement; the progressive group is so small that every loss of a member becomes a disaster. Some years ago Senator George Norris of Nebraska came to a decision similar to Senator Costigan's, but so loud, numerous and prolonged were the protests that he finally changed his mind. In the case of the Senator from Colorado the question of health is a serious one and perhaps decisive; if it is not, we know we speak for thousands throughout the country when we express the hope that like Senator Norris, he may change his mind.

REMOVAL of former President Calles from Mexico makes easier the road to much needed agrarian and labor reforms in that country. The revolution of 1910 which overthrew Porfirio Diaz was a popular uprising against an intolerable dictatorship that held the great masses of the Mexican people in poverty, illiteracy and virtual slavery. Land, education and an end of exploitation were the great objectives of the revolution. One by one, leaders of the revolution would start out by proclaiming these objectives, would fight their way to Mexico City and then would succumb to the flesh-pots and fall right in with the old round of oppression and exploitation. It was these continued betrayals that made possible the rise of such bloody "bandit" chieftains as Villa and Zapata, who, for all their cruelty and pillage, did exemplify genuine needs of the unhappy people. Calles happened to

be one of the ablest of the series of professing-revolutionaries, and as the "iron man" he controlled Mexico first during his own presidency from 1924 to 1928 and then during that of his successors until the election of Lazaro Cardenas in 1934. During his period of dominance, Calles showed an ever increasing rightward tendency, and he originally supported Cardenas on the theory that the latter would fall in with his plans. Cardenas, however, turned out to have both a mind of his own and an active sympathy with the Mexican masses. He announced a program of agrarian and monetary reforms, socialistic education and nationalization of certain industries. Calles went into voluntary exile for a time, returned last December, and now his enforced exit from Mexico is enthusiastically cheered by Mexican workers who look hopefully for some real reforms at last.

LAST year many well known individuals in half a dozen countries supported the proposal that Carl von Ossietzky should be given the Nobel Peace Prize. Von Ossietzky, former editor of *Die Weltbühne*, and a man with an international reputation for many years as an outstanding liberal and pacifist, has been in a Nazi prison since February, 1933. A movement has again been started to nominate him for the 1936 prize, in which the editors of *The New Republic* join *con amore*. We know of no one who better deserves the prize than this famous editor who, when warned that the Nazis intended to punish him for his beliefs, refused to escape from Germany. We are glad to note that among those recommending the Peace Prize this year are seven members of the British House of Lords and eighty-six members of the House of Commons, representing all political parties and including fourteen members of former British governments. A report in *The New York Times* of April 8 says that von Ossietzky's health has been completely broken by the inhuman treatment the Nazis have meted out to him. His friends hope that a renewal of the agitation for the Peace Prize may result in his being transferred to a hospital and receiving the treatment he would get if he were in prison in a civilized country.

CERTAIN public officials in Vermont appear to be bent on proving that Karl Marx was right when he said that the state is the executive committee of the capitalist class. A poor, seventy-five-year-old Jewish junk dealer and farmer, Denis Aronsky, was going about his business one day in West Rutland. He happened to pass through a street in which a group of armed guards were advancing on a small group of pickets, lined up in front of the house of a scab working in the plant of the Vermont Marble Company. The guards crossed the street and charged a crowd of sympathizers. One guard assailed the innocent old Jew with a blackjack, giving him a deep wound in the head and causing concussion of the

brain—although he probably will never completely recover—sued the Vermont Marble Company for \$10,000 damages. At the trial of the suit the evidence sustained the above facts, and it was admitted that the assailant received his pay from the company. But—like the other guards—he was a deputy sheriff, and hence a public officer. Consequently the judge directed a verdict against the plaintiff, on the ground that the company was not responsible. Thus the government aids the employer to keep his business going, using violence against strikers to do so, allows the company-paid thugs to be deputized by the sheriff, and shields the company from damage claims when these thugs run amuck. Since actions speak louder than words, it would appear that the employer, the officials and the court concerned are making better Communist propaganda than the wildest Red could ever do.

The Republican Brain Trust

WE BELIEVE the correct phrase in reproaching a theorist for giving advice on economic problems is that he never had to meet a payroll—or, if the matters happen to be agricultural, that he never was a dirt farmer. Ever since 1933, the practical men who run the Republican Party have vibrated between superior ridicule and angry denunciation of the existing administration for calling to its counsels the despised professors. Whenever an aide of the President has been examined by a congressional committee, the standard attack of the anti-New Deal legislators has been, not to argue with him concerning his theories or his facts, but to ask whether he has taught in college, or when he was last in Moscow, or whether he ever took a course under Professor Frankfurter. It was assumed that the way to win the voters back to the Republican Party was to persuade them that the management of the country would be safe only in the hands of those practical men who, because they scorned theoretical knowledge, had blessed us with 1929 and 1932.

But it appears to be the fate of the Republicans to make costly blunders. And so now, after having gone into reverse with the Liberty League and Al Smith, they flatter Mr. Roosevelt by imitating his brain trust. A group of economists has been gathered by the Republican National Committee, to bolster up the sagging campaign. To be sure, these economists are a little sensitive to the natural inference that they are a replica of the Democratic galaxy. They insist that they represent, not brains, but common sense. It is their function not to advise their employers on how to govern the country, but rather to analyze the facts so that the Republican Party can demonstrate how poorly Mr. Roosevelt has governed the country. They are not partisan, like the economists who support the New Deal, but impartial (like, one is apparently supposed to infer,

if the Republican National Committee distorts the facts they prepare—but they will not object when it withholds part of the facts for publication “at the proper time.”

We think the Committee need have no fear—and we think it knows it need have no fear—that it will have to distort any facts or arguments presented by these particular economists in order to keep ardent praise of the administration out of its releases. Their record is sufficient evidence of the sort of material they will provide. They have in the past written books, or made speeches, or given public testimony, that indicates their attitude toward the questions that will agitate the campaign.

Without attempting to distinguish variations in their points of view, anyone who has known their work can testify that they belong to the conservative wing of economic theory, as, indeed, a majority of academic economists probably still do. They can be counted upon to support the general soundness of a society in which profit is relied upon as the motive of production and trade, and to deplore “political” interferences with what profit-seekers do. They have little patience with the practices of unions, or with the doctrine that there is any merit in high wages—except when “earned” by extraordinary skill or granted by the free will of employers. They believe in balancing the budget and in the gold standard. Chairman Fletcher might be incurring some danger if he asked them their opinion of a high protective tariff, or of the price-boosting practices of monopoly; but they no doubt will be content to keep a discreet silence on such topics. Surely it would be bad taste for a professor hired by the Republicans for campaign purposes to intrude his opinions on delicate questions of this kind!

We doubt whether the great doctors Carver, Bullock, Saxon, *et al.*, will be able to invent much Republican propaganda that the politicians would not have thought of anyway, although they will probably be able to avoid the egregious statistical errors and obvious inconsistencies that often ruin the arguments of non-experts in dealing with complex economic affairs. On the whole, the country rather than the party is to be congratulated on their elevation to the rostrum. In the first place, it is a demonstration that after all even practical men have to seek the aid of experts when they are dealing with so intricate and troublesome a matter as the operation of a modern economy; homely improvisation simply will not do if one is really to understand what is going on. Roosevelt professors cannot be answered without Republican professors. In the second place, it will be a demonstration to the country that all views of affairs held by men whose vocation it is to instruct the youth are not suspect simply because these worthies have devoted some concentrated thought to the subject. And, incidentally, it may do something to stop the wave of hysteria among reactionaries against the colleges as hotbeds of radicalism, when as a matter of fact they

We hope also that the learned professions themselves will be awakened by the event. These professions are still haunted by the idea that in the social sciences there is such a thing as chemically pure, scientific, objective impartiality, from which “the truth” can in due course be expected to emerge. Those who entertain this assumption frequently believe that a classical economist of the Adam Smith variety is impartial and scientific, while one who is tinged with the point of view of Karl Marx or even with a mild desire for social betterment is a propagandist. Such a belief is naïve in the extreme, in view of the fact that Adam Smith was an able propagandist for an economic order that did not exist when he wrote, that never fully came into being, and that certainly does not exist now.

Every social scientist, if objectively considered, has his bias, acknowledged or unacknowledged. The first condition of candor in his study of facts is that he should know what his bias is. Facts, in the social sciences, mean nothing unless they are arranged about purposes. Once the purpose is defined, complete candor is essential in judging the means by which it may be attained, and the degree to which it is being approached under existing conditions. But those who start without defining their objectives, those who assume that they are not implementing human desires but have a godlike impartiality, are the most dangerous counsellors of all. It is therefore well that the fact should be dramatized that while some professors prefer to aid in reorganization of our social order, others prefer to do staff work for those whose interests lie in keeping their existing privileges.

Surely the members of the Republican brain trust cannot believe that everything would be for the best in the best of possible worlds if only the New Deal were wiped off the slate. We hope therefore that they will not confine their efforts solely to negative criticism. One of the main confusions of American thought in the past few years has been that there has been no cogent and intellectually respectable statement of the conservative position. Those who dislike what is going on have had no coherent program. If such a position and such a program were stated by those competent to do so, progressive and radical thought would be aided immensely. They would have a bull's-eye to shoot at instead of a formless jellyfish. Their more uncritical vagaries might be curbed. A struggle of mere brute force between opposing classes in the United States is not likely to lead to a desirable result. The struggle requires better rationalization than it has had if it is to be fruitful. One reason that discontent has been dissipated among so many Huey Longs, Townsends and Coughlins—indeed, among so many of the confusions of the New Deal itself—is that the people have never understood the nature of capitalism. The best service the conservative professors could perform for the country would be to provide the radicals with an intellectual foe worthy of

Sabotage at Sea

DURING the past week the papers have carried some rather sensational stories, originating in the Department of Commerce in Washington, on the question of safety at sea. The stories have aroused grave concern among informed persons, on two counts. In the first place, they were grossly misleading and contradictory, which would have been disturbing enough in itself. But more than that, they revealed that the Department of Commerce has done practically nothing to ensure greater safety of life at sea, despite the need for such action, as demonstrated in the "Vestris," "Mohawk" and "Morro Castle" disasters.

From the newspaper accounts, it appears that Secretary of Commerce Roper would like to have the public believe that "American ships are absolutely safe," but that this safety is jeopardized by the seamen who are alleged to be undisciplined, recalcitrant and mutinous. The Department of Commerce is reported to have on file some 500 cases of alleged "sabotage and insubordination" on American ships—evidence obligingly supplied by the shipping interests. Unfortunately, Secretary Roper did not see fit to release the full details of this alleged misconduct of the sailors, but obviously if the charges are valid they indicate (1) that there is something seriously wrong in the working conditions aboard American ships and (2) that Secretary Roper's assurance on the absolute safety of the ships cannot be wholly accurate.

In view of this, one would have thought that the Department of Commerce, through its Bureau of Navigation and Steamboat Inspection, would have studied most carefully all conditions that might possibly contribute to labor unrest at sea. But has it done this? The answer is that it has not, though the Senate directed it to do so more than a year ago in the "Morro Castle" and "Mohawk" resolutions. At that time it was evident not only that the maritime labor situation was extremely serious, but also that it was intimately related to the whole problem of safety at sea. According to Howard S. Cullman, who is vice-chairman of President Roosevelt's National Committee on Safety at Sea, "Working conditions for officers and crews on ships flying the American flag . . . are in many cases so low as to discourage the right type of man from entering the marine service." One highly undesirable result of such conditions is that the labor turnover on American vessels is between 20 and 30 percent as compared to less than 5 percent on British vessels.

But despite the evidence of what Mr. Cullman calls an "unsatisfactory and dangerous" situation, the government failed to act on—or even study—this problem. In a letter to Senator Copeland last week Mr. Cullman observed:

During the year that has elapsed since this mandate . . . we have had an epidemic of labor difficulties, strikes and even "mutinies"—so labeled by the Sec-

retary of Commerce. The difficulties aboard the S.S. "California" were surely a symptom of a serious condition. This condition the Committee on Safety at Sea, among others, foresaw many weeks before the event as an inevitable result of wage inequalities on the Atlantic and Pacific Coasts . . . Nothing constructive is gained by merely condemning such occurrences as these, by placing the blame on crews and officers.

Thus it would seem that the responsibility for the current unrest among seamen must be placed with the shipowners themselves and with the Department of Commerce for not insisting on decent working conditions on American vessels. Moreover, the responsibility of the Department of Commerce goes much further. Last January the board of supervising inspectors of the Bureau of Navigation and Steamship Inspection reported that the staff of the Bureau was "inadequate and underpaid" and could not possibly perform the services expected of it. Last year some 9,000 inspections of ships which should have been made were not made. In San Francisco harbor, the Bureau made only 200 of some 1,200 scheduled reinspections. Yet the Bureau did not ask for an increase in inspectors in its budget for this year. It did ask for a slightly larger appropriation, but even this was cut down by the Department of Commerce and by the Budget Bureau. An understaffed Bureau means that safety regulations can be violated by the steamship companies. That they are violated is no secret.

It would seem that Secretary Roper might more properly turn his attention to these matters than to engage in denunciation of the efforts of seamen to better their working conditions. For it appears that the safety of passengers is likely to be threatened far more by sabotage at home—by the inadequacies of his own Bureau—than by sabotage at sea.

From T.V.A. to M.V.A.

FEW INFORMED persons would quarrel with the statement that the Tennessee Valley Authority is one of the two or three best achievements of the Roosevelt administration—if indeed it is not the best. Although its operations are still in a preliminary stage, it promises to set a landmark in relation to several important activities. By promising to deliver electricity at a reasonable price it has already produced a notable reduction of rates by private operators in the same territory and an equally notable increase in the use of electric power. It is offering new and greatly improved living conditions for many thousands of persons who have heretofore suffered from desperate poverty and everything that such poverty brings in its train. The T.V.A. is applying in an important area, and for the first time, sound principles of soil conservation and erosion and flood control, principles that must soon be applied on a national scale if the United States is to continue a habitable country.

Senator George Norris of Nebraska has now introduced a bill (S.3524) that would apply the principles of the T.V.A. to the entire Mississippi Valley with the exception of the Ohio River, which, in its entirety, would be put under the control and supervision of the T.V.A. Broadly speaking, the bill would implement the conclusions and recommendations of the brilliant report of the Mississippi Valley Committee, which was described by Stuart Chase in *The New Republic* of March 27, 1935. This report aroused great enthusiasm among those who hope to make America a better place to live in. But desirable as good reports are, it is much more desirable to act upon them. Under the Norris bill, a Mississippi Valley Authority would be set up in order to bring about, in the language of the bill, "the maximum amount of flood control; the maximum benefit to navigation; the maximum amount of irrigation; the maximum generation of electric power consistent with irrigation, flood control and navigation; the proper use of marginal lands; the proper method of reforestation of lands in said valley suitable for reforestation; and the economic and social well-being of the people living in said valley."

Water for irrigation purposes would not be sold directly to individual farmers but to irrigation corporations, preferably those organized on a coöperative basis by the farmers themselves. Electric power would be sold primarily to states, counties, municipalities and non-profit coöperative organizations, for resale to consumers, though it could also be sold, under proper safeguards, to private companies or individuals. As in the case of the T.V.A., the M.V.A. would construct whatever dams, transmission lines, etc., would be necessary. If a dam furnished both electric power and irrigation water, the cost of its construction and maintenance would be allocated between these two purposes, so that the users of water, for instance, would be charged a price based only upon that part of the total cost that is fairly assigned to such purposes. It is not the intention of the proposal that the government should make any profit on its activities.

Faithful readers of *The New Republic* do not need to be told that this journal warmly approves of the purposes for which the Mississippi Valley Authority would be created. For many years we have argued the necessity of comprehensive and intelligent national planning, of which this proposal would be a part. Not only are such operations desirable in themselves, but they are now vitally necessary for the preservation of our national existence. Unwise farming methods, continued over generations, have brought us face to face with the threat of something that without exaggeration can be called a national catastrophe. The dust storms and floods of the past few years have been to a large extent man-made: the former almost entirely, the latter to a considerable degree. We are now losing the precious topsoil from our farming land at an appalling rate.

Representative Maury Maverick of Texas in a radio address a few days ago summarized the figures assembled by government experts at Washington. Already, 100,000,000 acres of land have been destroyed—an area equal to the four states of Illinois, Ohio, Maryland and North Carolina. In addition, 125,000,000 acres have been partly destroyed and another 100,000,000 are threatened. Every year, 400,000,000 tons of our best soil are washed into the Gulf of Mexico. In a bad dust storm, 300,000,000 tons of soil may be moved in a single day, much of it being lost forever. In all, we are losing 3,000,000,000 tons a year, the equivalent of 37,000 farms of 80 acres each. The money loss to the country is conservatively estimated at \$400,000,000 to \$500,000,000 a year.

Since the Mississippi Valley contains most of the valuable farm land of the United States, the activities of the M.V.A. would prevent a great part of all this loss. In addition, there would be the direct benefits from flood control, from a huge increase in the nation's electric-power resources, the bringing of electricity to many thousands of farms and homes that now lack it and the improvement of navigation on the Mississippi and its tributaries. We recognize the difficulties involved in passing such an important piece of legislation in an election year and particularly in view of the tremendous forces of entrenched special privilege that will be arrayed in opposition. That is no reason, however, why everyone who wants to see this country continue a fit place to live in, and become a better place, should not do everything he can to ensure the passage of this bill.

Those Lazy Unemployed

HUNDREDS of daily newspapers in all parts of the United States are engaged in a persistent campaign of vilification directed against the unemployed, the burden of which is that people won't work even when jobs are offered them. Over and over the same stories appear: someone has tried unsuccessfully to hire workers from the relief ranks, at good wages and under good conditions, only to find that the unemployed prefer to live off Uncle Sam. A recent careful investigation made by the F.E.R.A. Research Division shows what might have been expected, that a large proportion of these stories are false. To be exact, out of 943 recent reports of this type, only 20 were genuine.

The cases investigated were in six communities scattered over the country, selected because among them they were typical of various standard conditions. Some of those to whom jobs were offered already had work. Others were ill (in a few cases, were dead). Some failed to receive the notice of employment. In some cases the person offered a job was urgently needed at home, to take care of other members of the family who were ill. Often the work offered is temporary and the person on

relief fears that if he took it he might not be able to get back on the rolls when he needed to. In a disturbingly large number of instances the job was refused because of outrageously low pay. For example: \$2.60 a week offered a widow with one child. In another case, \$2.50 offered a widow with three children. (Both of these in Baltimore.) In Allegheny County, Virginia, \$5 a week offered to a couple for the full-time service of both. In the same area, \$1 a day for a temporary job sowing wheat.

Hammonton, New Jersey, has received much publicity in the daily press because it is said that the unemployed there have refused to pick berries during the rush season. The investigators found that outside help is needed only ten days a year, that the living conditions are revoltingly bad and that the pay offered is \$1.70 a day for adults and 75 cents to \$1.25 for children. In hundreds of cases, whole families have been cut off the relief rolls mercilessly by local administrators because of refusing to take work under these conditions. In some agricultural areas it is now standard practice to suspend relief entirely at the beginning of the busy season so as to force the unemployed to accept the starvation wages the farmers offer.

It is the cruelest of libels to say that the unemployed won't work. All reliable evidence shows that they are desperately anxious for any job which gives them work for which they are qualified, with decent wages and conditions.

More Spies on Labor

DURING the past week the La Follette subcommittee of the Senate Committee on Education and Labor has been holding hearings on industrial espionage. It has also heard testimony on other means that are employed by corporations to prevent union organization—including the devious ways in which tear-gas bombs and revolvers are purchased by corporations and transferred from county officials to company police in strike situations—but the testimony on the use of spies in industry has brought out facts much less well known and in a sense more disquieting.

It is not news that professional informers and union wreckers have been and are being employed; it is news that the organizations supplying them have grown to such gigantic proportions in the past few years. Mr. Heber Blankenhorn, industrial economist of the National Labor Relations Board, quoted an estimate that three detective agencies, Pinkerton, Burns and Theil, have recently employed 135,000 industrial spies, and that their income has amounted to \$60,000,000 a year. They are by no means the only large dealers in information and misinformation—the Bergoff Agency, the Corporation Auxiliary Company and that strange outfit known as the Railway Audit and Inspection Com-

Against this background of the scope of the secret industrial workers, committee members heard two steel workers, employees of the United States Steel Corporation, describe the process by which that company checks up on the activities of its employees. Both men had been asked to become informers. Both were employee representatives in the company union that the Steel Corporation established at the time of the formation of the N.R.A. They were approached by a man who represented himself as the head of a New York bond company with large holdings of Steel Corporation stock. He said he wanted information on what the employees were planning in regard to organizational activities, in order to protect the stockholders against United States Steel management. They were offered \$50 a week. One of the men accepted the offer, but deposited each week's check with Clinton Golden, regional director of the Pittsburgh Regional Labor Board. Later, from a newspaper photograph, both steel workers identified the individual who had approached them as George Ruck, assistant to the president of the H. C. Frick Coke and Coal Company, a Steel Corporation subsidiary notorious for its brutal company police and for its use of spies and strikebreakers.

Thus far the hearings have convincingly established the need for a complete congressional investigation into the whole subject of industrial espionage. It has been said that the measure now before Congress, designed to prevent the interstate transportation of strikebreakers, would be ineffectual—six states now have laws designed to prevent professional strikebreaking and industrial espionage agencies from functioning, but strikebreakers and spies are simply recruited in other states. Such objections, however, are academic. What these agencies dread more than anything else is a public inquiry; they live in darkness, and secrecy is essential for their growth. In merely establishing how widespread the practice of employing industrial spies has become, and in revealing one of the ways in which they work, the La Follette committee has already justified its existence.

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RATES: SINGLE COPIES, FIFTEEN CENTS; YEARLY SUBSCRIPTION, FIVE DOLLARS; CANADIAN, FIVE DOLLARS AND FIFTY CENTS; FOREIGN, SIX DOLLARS. THREE MONTHS' TRIAL ONE DOLLAR.

If You Buy a Car

THE PRODUCTION and selling of automobiles promise at the moment to bring back some of that feverish stock-market prosperity of 1929. As a result of intense rivalry, various makers of cars are bringing forward as many new talking points as they think the credibility of the public will stand. While in external appearance cars show less radical variations than at any time in recent years, the buyer is confronted with Chevrolet's "valve-gear temperature control," Buick's "choke adjustment for varying fuel volatility," Studebaker's "hill-holder," Hudson's "dustless ventilating system," and innumerable other features, many of which will never again be heard of if they do not "click" with the American public in 1936. Chrome-plated moldings and ornaments continue to dazzle the eye and attract attention away from such fundamental points as thickness of exposed metal parts, durability of finish, prevalence of blind spots, miles per gallon of gasoline, accessibility of mechanical units, costs of repairs, etc.

The demand for more powerful and impressive cars is still the major factor affecting the design of American automobiles. Speed possibilities of ninety miles per hour are common, with horse powers ranging around eighty to one hundred in even the popular low-priced cars. Few new cars now have compression ratios below six to one. Cooling such engines becomes a greater problem—so aluminum heads are almost universally used this year. Emphasis upon power and speed is so great that the matter of economical transportation is almost entirely lost sight of.

Features of This Year's Cars.—Approximately 3,000,000 of the 3,500,000 cars produced in 1935 were low or medium-priced models. Most of the radical innovations in design usually appear on the higher-priced cars and are not incorporated in the more popular models until the public has indicated an interest in such features.

Engines are the same on both the Master de Luxe and Standard models of this year's Chevrolet, with a compression ratio raised to six to one. Claims are made for a better fuel economy with the new carburetor. Both models are equipped with hydraulic brakes and the rear brake shoes can be applied either hydraulically with foot pedal or mechanically with hand lever. This means, of course, that the hand brake cannot be used as an emergency brake in case of failure of the rear brake shoes or linings. Only a totally independent hand-brake system would make it possible to stop the car in such a case. The brake-lining area in the Standard has been increased over last year's model. Kneecap

\$20 additional cost. The cooling system has been enlarged from eleven to fifteen quarts—a change necessitated by the increased compression ratio of the engine and the narrowing of the radiator grille for style appeal. All models have "turret" (all steel) tops.

Only minor changes and "refinements" appear in the 1936 Ford. The continued use of the powerful V-8 motor (eighty-five horse power) will make it possible to drive this car ninety miles an hour or more, although such speeds will seldom if ever be safe, and at the usual driving speeds efficient use of fuel is necessarily reduced. (The seventy-nine horse-power Chevrolet engine is also much too powerful for ordinary cruising speeds, but its fuel economy will, no doubt, be somewhat better than the Ford's.) Polished cylinder walls will, it is claimed, reduce friction and wear. Weather stripping has been added to the sloping windows so that wind and rain are now excluded more effectively, correcting a defect of last year's Ford. Ford continues to use a mechanical braking system—when carefully adjusted, such a system will give as effective if not as uniform braking as the hydraulic systems and is, no doubt, somewhat more reliable. You may drive the Ford at sixty miles an hour the day you purchase it—that is, if you wish to accept Ford's claim for "unusual accuracy in the manufacture of moving parts"; if, however, you expect to get the maximum in performance and life from your car, you will keep driving speeds under forty miles an hour for the first few hundred miles. Attention should be called to the continued use of cadmium-silver-copper connecting-rod bearings in the Ford. Such bearings have given considerable trouble, as many of the special oils now on the market will not lubricate them without damage.

Aluminum pistons are now almost universally used—the Chevrolet and Pontiac are the only cars still using cast iron. All General Motors cars show considerable uniformity in design, and little of the unusual. Hydraulic brakes and turret tops are provided with all General Motors makes. Independent front-wheel suspensions are either provided as regular equipment or offered as optional equipment in the cheaper cars at extra cost.

A few additional unique features on other makes of 1936 cars should be mentioned. Much is being made of the "radial safety control" in the advertisements for the Terraplane and Hudson. This is nothing more than an attempt to stabilize the front end of the car by guiding the up-and-down motion of the front axle by two drop-forged torque rods, one on each side, pivoted to the frame side rail. This permits the use of softer, flexibly mounted

necessary to stabilize the front end and, incidentally, give the salesman a new talking point. The "duo-automatic" hydraulic brakes used in these two cars have a definite safety feature not to be overlooked. The initial movement of the brake pedal applies the hydraulic brake. After the pedal has traveled a short distance, it picks up a link which is connected with the same mechanical brake system that is used for the emergency brake. Thus, braking force will be assured even with a failure of the hydraulic system—and with the same foot motion.

The "hill-holder" on the Studebaker prevents backing when stopped on a grade as long as the clutch is held out. A check valve on the fluid line just ahead of the master cylinder of the hydraulic-braking system retains the pressure when the clutch is out. It is doubtful whether such a device is a justified substitute for the slight mechanical skill necessary in starting a car on a hill—it will probably go the way of free-wheeling and other sales-making features of former years.

New Principles of Body Design.—The Lincoln evolves into the Lincoln-Zephyr (apparently a true mutant) with an entirely new body construction and radical streamlining. The new body-truss construction, which eliminates the usual chassis frame, represents a development that undoubtedly will be followed by many car manufacturers in the future. Body panels are welded rather than bolted to the sills, making the whole structure an integral one-piece unit. The body panels take a definite "skin" loading and contribute to the stiffness and strength of the unit. The streamlining is apparently aerodynamically sound.

The rear-engined Scarab, first announced by William B. Stout one year ago, also has no separate chassis frame—the body is designed along the lines of an airplane fuselage to give great rigidity without excessive weight (a seven-passenger car weighing less than 3,000 pounds). This car actually appears to have been designed around the principle that transporting people is a car's chief function. If sound scientific principle of design ever wins out over sales-making "engineering" in the auto industry, many features of the Scarab will be generally adopted. The present price—\$5,000—is much too high for wide acceptance.

There seems to be little doubt that the adaptation of the oil-burning Diesel engine to private cars is not being pushed, because of the comparatively low cost of gasoline, tremendous investments in oil refineries, special production equipment for gasoline engines and gasoline-doping corporations. Cummins Engine Company, which has done most of the pioneering with such a car in this country, recently installed one of its Diesel engines in an Auburn automobile and drove it from New York to Los Angeles (3,774 miles) at a cost of \$7.63 for fuel. An average of 34.62 miles per gallon of fuel oil was maintained. This was approximately one-seventh of what the cost of gasoline would have been.

automobile. With the inevitable depletion of our crude-oil supply, the Diesel engine or an equally efficient power unit must be adapted to passenger cars. It is claimed that Diesel-powered automobiles are as flexible in operation, freer from smoke and less troublesome in many respects than the present gasoline-powered automobiles.

Lessons from European Cars.—In 1934 almost 75 percent of the world's production of passenger cars were manufactured in the United States, only 9 percent in Great Britain, slightly over 6 percent in France, and 5 percent in Germany. In spite of production figures, however, certain features of European cars are of interest to American motorists.

While the Cord is the sole representative of the front-wheel drive in America, at least four companies are producing such cars in Germany. One that is unique is the DKW, with a small two-cylinder, two-stroke, water-cooled engine, set transversely in the car frame, and driving the front axle through a chain. A new eight-cylinder air-cooled Tatra, with independent wheel suspensions both front and rear, is a special high-speed car—100 miles an hour—being developed for the new national highways. Rear-engined cars are being taken seriously by the Germans—Mercedes has appeared with two such models.

Numerous makes of European cars retain the sliding top or quick-acting folding head, which makes it possible on short notice to expose the passengers to the sun and give them opportunity to view the outside world as a unit rather than in fleeting small patches, as in American solid-steel-roofed cars. Nearly all of the enclosed English cars still have a sliding roof.

In Europe it is still considered good design—something for the advertiser to talk about—to have the engine, battery and tools where they may be gotten at readily. Accessibility for repairs and service is about the last thing that an American car owner thinks of. Service men in this country are literally going "nuts," if one may accept the word of an oil technologist, trying to lubricate the new cars, with their streamlined coverings, high-compression engines and new-fangled springs.

Automobile Safety—Whose Responsibility?—With the greatly accelerated production of high-powered automobiles and increase in car registrations, there is little doubt that 1936 will see a rise in automobile accidents. Deaths in 1935 were about the same as for 1934—or nearly 36,000; however, deaths per crash were up seven percent. Traveler's Insurance Company reports that driving errors were involved in two-thirds of the 828,000 accidents. Twenty-three percent of the accidents assigned to driving errors involved speeding.

A recent test of moving cars in seven New England and Eastern states by F. M. Van Dwyer, reported in the September, 1935, issue of The So-

that between five and six percent of the cars tested at random contained dangerous quantities of carbon monoxide in the passenger compartment, and that in fifty-seven percent measurable traces, or more, of carbon monoxide were present. *In more than 40 percent of the cars tested detectable exhaust leaks were found at some point ahead of the normal tail-pipe discharge point.* In 66 percent of the units tested, low combustion efficiency was observed resulting in the production of excessive quantities of carbon monoxide in the exhaust gases. Sources of infiltration to the passenger compartment were (1) trailing eddy currents from the car itself, (2) exhaust gases from the car ahead, (3) exhaust leaks—loose gaskets, and other defective parts, (4) exhaust manifold heaters—one of the worst hazards, and (5) crank-case breather pipes. Of what sort of technical perfection can car manufacturers boast when low combustion efficiency is the rule and passenger compartments are so leaky and exhaust connections so poor that one runs the risk of being poisoned by the deadly carbon monoxide while driving along a country road?

Other hazardous features that should have been eliminated long before the advent of free-wheeling, let us say, are present in 1936 cars. Blind spots—the result of increasing the size of the roof supports—reduce the driver's visibility. As car stability becomes greater, the driver sinks lower behind the

engine cowl and is in a less and less advantageous position to observe the surrounding terrain—very important when traveling at ninety or even sixty miles per hour. The throttle and light controls have been removed from the steering wheel of many cars and placed where they cannot be reached without diverting the attention from driving. In spite of the many accidents that have resulted from hinging car doors at the rear, the Auburn, Hudson, Terraplane and Hupmobile retain rear hinges for the front doors.

While claims for safety are being emphasized, automobiles are in fact very dangerous to ride in—excessive power is an ever present incentive to the driver to exceed safe driving speeds; controls are not adapted to the instinctive reactions of the driver; carbon monoxide—the killer—enters the car in too many ways—all of which could be eliminated or greatly reduced as a source of danger. Accessibility and convenience have been sacrificed for smoothness of line and contour. Cars are much too complex in construction and operation and are excessively heavy and unwieldy. Most streamlining is a farce—true aerodynamic design will result in greater beauty, not less. Cars are much too hard to service and are becoming increasingly so. American cars particularly are much too costly to operate and repair. Three and one-half million new cars can be wrong.

D. H. PALMER.

France Decides Europe's Fate

ON APRIL 26, France will elect her government for the coming four years. Never before in her history have the issues facing the electorate been so dramatic. On the outcome of their vote depends not only the fate of France, but also that of Europe. For there are no longer any purely internal questions. The "internal politics of Europe" is now a reality that is inseparable from the internal politics of any particular country.

A few years ago the traditional and instinctive division of Frenchmen into Rightists and Leftists, "Reds" and "Whites," was beginning to lose its significance. A strong movement for a Centrist Party was in full swing. Then, suddenly, the Fascist attempt of February 6 interrupted this evolution. The Right and the Left became more opposed than ever. The recent international events have deepened the cleavage to such an extent that to say France is divided is no longer enough. There are two nations within France, two diametrically opposed conceptions of the nation, of its meaning, its future. And these two conceptions are incompatible. One must annihilate the other.

The paradox of the situation is that the Fascist groups if you take their slogans at their face value,

were those of their most determined adversaries: the Communists. The Fascists violently denounce the rottenness of democracy. They preach armed insurrection, national rebirth and dignity. The most significant development, however, is the creation of a Fascist International that held its first congress a year and a half ago in Montreux (Switzerland). The activity of this International is manifested by the secret or open negotiations of French Fascist groups with Mussolini and Hitler, by the deliveries of French ore to Germany and the importation of German arms and Nazi instructors. The latest invention of the Fascists is the doctrine of neo-pacifism. They propose peace with Germany by the way of a counter-revolutionary alliance with the Nazis followed by an anti-Communist crusade in all Europe.

Against these activities of Fascism, the Communists now appear as the most authentic representatives of the tradition of 1789. The foes of the nation, they claim, are the nationalists who are ready to abandon it to Hitler in order to preserve the privileges of the financial aristocracy. In the name of the liberation of the people from the tyranny of international capital, the Communists now de-

extension and an alliance of all democratic countries in order to preserve peace.

Thus we have a situation similar to that of Germany before Hitler. Fascist reaction strives to mask itself as revolution. But there is a fundamental difference. The Communists in Germany adopted a program of national emancipation only in 1930. They seemed to imitate the Nazis. In France the situation is the exact reverse. Everyone can see that the Fascists are on the tail of foreign influences. This hampers them in their maneuvers. Even their own followers cannot take them seriously. Especially does their recent pacifism appear as a paradox.

These two conceptions, the Fascist and the Communist, are at present the poles of attraction for the forces of the Right and the Left.

The Right is a heterogeneous aggregate of parties and groups. Numerically more important are the old conservative parties—the Republicans and the Left Republicans. They are represented in the Chamber of Deputies. The extra-parliamentary elements of the Right comprise the different Leagues: the Royalists, the National Front (composed of the Jeunesses Patriotes and the Solidarité Française), and the Croix de Feu.

The political confusion among the Rightists is indescribable. Instead of a program, their doctrine is nothing but a series of declamations. The only "constructive" part is a vague corporatism. Deep rivalries exist among their leaders. Their only political asset is the traditional bourgeois fear of the Revolution. Their tactics consist in threatening the public with a financial panic. The Bank of France, which in fact is able to bring about devaluation at a moment's notice, asserts through its press that a victory of the People's Front will automatically ruin the currency. It must be admitted that the influence of this blackmail is serious.

Not only have the "nationalists" no program, but on several points their positions are contradictory. There is a contradiction between Fascism and Nationalism, for in the present situation French Fascism can only ape Hitler or Mussolini. The Fascist ideas of controlling the economic life by the State are directly opposed to the traditional positions of the French conservatives, who, like their American brethren, demand freedom of business from State intervention. Finally, the rank and file of nationalists are the small *rentiers* who fear devaluation more than anything. But the banks and the export industries would be pleased by devaluation. Hence the idea conceived by the boldest of the Rightist politicians (Raymond Patenôtre, Paul Reynaud): to impose the burden of devaluation on a government of the People's Front and later to use the resulting discontent in order to overthrow it. But this is a dangerous game. For though there are partisans of devaluation within the People's Front, large sections of it are opposed to this pseudo-

fully executed by the Right in 1927 is still smarting in the memory of certain young Radical Socialists.

The Left is a combination of groups and parties that only a few years ago were violently opposed to each other, like the Socialists and Communists (while the Right then presented a solid front).

Within this Left, the Radical Socialists are still the largest party. They represent the middle classes, the farmers. They are the party of small-scale capitalism; long ago they were the expression of industrial progress and they fought against the politics of the big landlords. The Radical Socialists are torn by inner dissension, but they are resolutely opposed to big business.

Recently, the Socialists, the Communists and the Radical Socialists have been joined by groups of liberal Catholics and others. Some of these new groups take advantage of the confusion to preach utopian theories, like those of the Technocrats, who believe that it is possible to enter an era of abundance at once by obtaining from the capitalists a peaceful renunciation of their rights.

The People's Front, wherein all the parties of the Left are united despite their differences, is not easy to define. It is not an electoral bloc, for in the coming elections each party will present its own candidate. Yet it will have a decisive influence in the final outcome, for there will be common candidates in the run-off election and even for the first ballot all the candidates of the Left are required to guarantee their loyalty to the People's Front.

In reality the People's Front—and this is both its strength and its weakness—is not a party, but a movement. It has no doctrine, but a faith. The substance of this faith is expressed in two formulas of genius launched by Daladier: "Against the 200 families that own France," and "Alliance of the Third Estate (lower-middle class) with the proletariat." Thus, at the basis of the unity of the Left we find a deep feeling of indignation and definite economic demands. These elements are inseparable from the French Jacobin tradition, from its revolutionary patriotism, its faith in freedom and humanism. This explains the dynamic influence of the People's Front in the economic, political and cultural fields.

Its internal divergences must not be overlooked. The Radical Socialists are against the intervention of the State in the economic set-up; for them the People's Front is above all a defensive organization destined to save parliament and traditional capitalism. The Socialists' and Communists' ideas are of course different. But the deepest cleavage is at present that between the pacifists and the other members of the People's Front. There are in the Left groups absolute pacifists who are ready to accept anything in order to avoid war and thus are led to take at its face value Hitler's demagoguery. Surprisingly enough, they find themselves very near to the "neo-pacifists" who are at the extreme Right

fascism hope to weaken the Left by playing upon these disagreements. And yet the People's Front does not lose in influence.

One of the most intelligent French reactionary journalists, Emile Buré, has excellently summed up this whole situation when he wrote: "The ruling classes in France are torn between their patriotism and their class instincts."

The Rightists obviously try to use the difficult external situation in order to terrorize the masses and prevent a decisive victory of the People's Front. It is equally clear that if the Rightists succeed in imposing their point of view, the result must be an alliance with Hitler, and ultimately the transformation of France into a second-rate power that would be a tool of Nazi Germany.

A decisive victory of the Left could mean something entirely different. Take for instance the colonial problem, which the recent events in Syria have again brought to public attention. The reorganization of the French colonial empire (and especially the North African possessions) toward industrialization and agrarian reforms would tremendously increase France's prestige and military strength. But such a plan is not even conceivable without great economic and political changes. The

same applies to strictly internal problems, like the nationalization of heavy industries. Germany needs French ore in order to arm herself; and during the last year the exportation of ore from Lorraine to Germany increased from 100,000 to 500,000 tons a month. The nationalization of heavy industry would of course prevent scandals of this sort.

Though a Left victory in the coming elections is practically certain, it is not possible as yet to foresee what will be the relative strength of the different Left parties after the elections. Much depends on this. If, for instance, a combination of Socialists, Communists and Left-Wing Radicals emerges with sufficient strength to impose its will, then radical measures will be undertaken that may bring about a revolutionary situation. The intensity of the eventual crisis and the violence of the changes cannot as yet be determined. To a degree, the Communists are bound by the formula they have launched. At present they do not envisage the change of the regime as an immediate measure. Will they succeed in proposing a transitional program toward a higher form of democracy? Or will there be a sudden break? What will the external political situation be at that moment? Only the future can answer these questions.

Paris.

HENRI LEFEBVRE.

Dramatis Personae: 1896-1902

V: *The Quarrel with George Moore*

I WAS depressed; we had promised, seeing no other way, to bring over English actors for a week in every year for three years, and now the three years were up. Moore wanted to negotiate with Benson for a stock company, taught by English actors, or made up of actors chosen by Benson, or with such actors in the principal parts. At first it seemed probable that Edward Martyn would find the money; I urged him to employ Gordon Craig, a young unknown man who had staged a Purcell opera at his own, or his friends', expense. But Martyn said with characteristic decision, "Henceforth I will pay for nobody's plays but my own." Perhaps somebody, or some committee, would take his place, negotiation dragged on; perhaps Moore's unpopularity, or mine, made Benson hesitate. We had attacked Queen Victoria, said that she came to Ireland recruiting, that she had, in Moore's words, driven through the city "shilling between her finger and thumb, a bag of shillings under the seat." William Fay and his brother, whose company of amateurs played in a Lockhart's Coffee-house, was putting his case, and all my nationalist friends backing it. I summarized their arguments in Samhain a little annual pub-

project that needed much money would have to promise good behavior, and Ireland was turning toward revolution, but I did not give my own opinion. As yet I had none, and if I had I would have held it back.

I felt that Moore wanted the professional stage that he had known all his life. I wanted to keep him in good humor till "Diarmuid and Grania" was finished. We had learned from the performance, and he had just accepted my sketch of a new second act. Then I wanted to write; I had been organizing for ten years and if I joined Fay I saw no end to it. I felt acutely my unpopularity and told my publisher not to send my books for review in Ireland, a decision kept for many years. A. H. Bullen, Elizabethan scholar, a handsome man with a great mass of curly gray hair, at that time my publisher, came to Dublin. "He told me," I wrote to Lady Gregory, "that he was amazed to find the hostility of the booksellers. A—, he declared, seemed hardly to like to speak my name. . . . B—, the College bookseller, said, 'What is he doing here? Why doesn't he go away and leave us in peace?' Bullen was rather drunk, but his travelers gave the same account. . . . I imagine that as I withdraw

grow less and my foes more numerous. What I have heard confirms the idea that I had at the time of the 'Countess Cathleen' row, that it would make a serious difference in my position." I had withdrawn from politics because I could not bear perplexing, by what I said about books, the simple patriotic men whose confidence I had gained by what I said about nationality.

Presently I wrote from Sligo that my uncle, the High Sheriff, had been warned that I must keep away from a certain club. Moore was constantly attacked in the English press, and every attack reached Dublin. I found that certain of our enemies were passing round some article in a monthly review, pointing out the plagiarisms in his "Modern Painting," and I, not knowing how well founded the attack was, had suggested a reply. "The man I object to," said Moore, "is the man who plagiarizes without knowing it; I always know; I took ten pages." To Lady Gregory he said, "We both quote well, but you always put inverted commas, I never do."

I saw William Fay's amateur company play Miss Milligan's "Red Hugh," a historical play in two scenes in the style of Walter Scott; "Yonder battlements," all the old rattle-traps acquired modernity, reality, spoken by those voices: I came away with my head on fire. I wanted to hear my own unfinished "Baille's Strand," to hear Greek tragedy spoken with a Dublin accent. After consulting with Lady Gregory I gave William Fay my "Kathleen ni Houlihan," the first play where dialect was not used with an exclusively comic intention, to be produced in April, 1902, in a hall attached to a church in a back street. A.E. gave his "Deirdre," a protest against "Diarmuid and Grania" because the play had made mere men out of heroes. It was well constructed. A.E. in later years gave plots or incidents that suggested plots, to several dramatists, but all his male characters suggested Lord Tennyson's King Arthur. Five or six years earlier he had published his lovely "Homeward Songs by the Way," and because of those poems and what he was in himself, writers or would-be writers, among them James Stephens, who has all my admiration today, gathered at his house upon Sunday nights, making it a chief center of literary life in Dublin. I was not friendly with the center and kept away, having discovered them barren rascals—critics as Baly saw critics. For the next few years it seemed to lead the opposition, not the violent attacks, but the sapping and mining. A.E. himself, then as now, I loved and hated, and when I read or saw his play, I distrusted my judgment, fearing it mere jealousy, or some sort of party dislike. It was admired by everybody, hurt no national susceptibility, but in a few years A.E. himself abandoned it as Moore and I abandoned "Diarmuid and Grania."

I wrote to Lady Gregory, who was then in Italy, "They took to 'Deirdre' from the first. The hall was crowded and great numbers could not get in.

I hated 'Deirdre.' In fact I did not remain in the theatre because I was nervous about it. I still hate it but I suppose Moore is the only person who shares my opinion. When I saw it in rehearsal I thought it superficial and sentimental as I thought when it came out in *The All Ireland Review*. 'Kathleen ni Houlihan' was also enthusiastically received. The one defect was that the mild humor of the part before Kathleen came in kept them in such delighted laughter that it took them some little while to realize the tragic meaning of Kathleen's part, though Maud Gonne played it magnificently and with weird power. I should have struck a tragic note at the start." I gave Fay a little farce, "The Pot of Broth," written with Lady Gregory's help but showing that neither Lady Gregory nor I could yet distinguish between the swift-moving town dialect—the dialect of the Irish novelists no matter what part of Ireland they wrote of—and the slow-moving country dialect. In "Kathleen ni Houlihan," written too with Lady Gregory's help, the dialect is as it were neutral, neither predominantly town nor country. My stage technique, swifter than Lady Gregory's when a tragic crisis is the theme, had pared it to the bone. It was, I think, this spareness, or barrenness, that made Arthur Symonds tell me after he had seen Synge's first play to write no more peasant plays.

I had joined Fay's dramatic society but had as yet no authority. I wrote to Lady Gregory that I had not marked my scornful analysis of one of Fay's dramatists "private" because "the sooner I have that man for an enemy the better." When "The Pot of Broth" was played in the Antient Concert Rooms in October, that trivial, unambitious retelling of an old folk-tale showed William Fay for the first time as a most lovable comedian. He could play tramp, crude countryman, legendary fool, insist on rags, dirt, imbecility, yet play—paradox of the stage—with indescribable personal distinction.

In the early autumn Zola died, asphyxiated by a charcoal pipe. Innumerable paragraphs and leading articles made Moore jealous and angry; he hated his own past in Zola. He talked of it to his friends on Saturday nights. "Anybody can get himself asphyxiated." Then after some six weeks he announced that he himself had awakened that very morning to smell gas, a few minutes more and he would have been dead; the obsession was over. But there had been another torture earlier in the year. A brother of his, Augustus Moore, a London journalist, had taken an action about a scenario, whether against an actor, a writer or a manager I cannot remember; he would appear in the witness box, be examined, cross-examined, re-examined, and would not, could not, rise to the occasion, whereas he, George Moore, could have been amusing, profound, all the world looking on.

When it seemed likely that Benson, or some company brought together by Martyn, would continue the Irish Literary Theatre I had told Moore a

fantastic plot for a play, suggested collaboration, and for twenty minutes or half an hour walked up and down a path in his garden discussing it. He proposed that my hero's brother should seduce the housemaid. When I decided to work with Fay, Moore had withdrawn from the movement, and I had written him regretting that I must write that play without his help. He did not answer, the letter required no answer. Weeks or months passed, then at some Gaelic festival in the town of Galway we met. I saw that he had something on his mind, he was gloomy and silent. I pointed out the number of young women with Douglas Hyde's pseudonym in gilt letters round their hats: "No woman, Moore, has ever done that for you," I said. He took my banter well, threw off his gloom; had I not started his favorite theme? But on his return to Dublin he telegraphed: "I have written a novel on that scenario we composed together. Will get an injunction if you use it."

Had I known about his brother's law case I would have known that Moore had not written a line and that his telegram was drama, but not knowing, I wrote or telegraphed that I would use nothing of his but would certainly use my own plot. I went to Coole, asked the assistance of Lady Gregory and of a certain cautious friend, whose name must be left out of this narrative, and in a fortnight they and I dictated or wrote a five-act tragedy. I called it "Where There Is Nothing" and published it as a supplement to *The United Irishman*, afterwards the organ of the Sinn Fein movement.

Moore had been talking and his talk had reached me, he was expecting a London trial and this was checkmate. Boys were shouting the supplement in the streets as he came out of the Antient Concert Rooms, where he had seen Fay's company. He bought a copy, but spoke to nobody and always declared that he had not read it nor any other edition of the play. "Has Yeats' hero got a brother?" he said to somebody. "Yes." "Then Yeats has stolen the spoons." But my hero's brother was in a monastery. Some months later an American friend, John Quinn, a strong supporter and helper of our movement, brought us together, but we were never cordial again: on my side distrust remained, on his, disgust. I look back with some remorse. "Yeats," Moore had said, "a man can only have one conscience, mine is artistic." Had I abandoned my plot and made him write the novel, he might have put beside "Muslin" and "The Lake" a third masterpiece, but I was young, vain, self-righteous and bent on proving myself a man of action.

"Where There Is Nothing" is a bad play; I had caught sight of Tolstoy's pamphlet, "The Sermon on the Mount," lying upon a chair and made the most important act pivot upon a pacifist commonplace. I soon came to my senses, refused a distinguished Frenchman permission to translate it, and in later years with Lady Gregory's help turned it into "The Unicorn from the Stars." For the moment it was successful; it could not be played in

Ireland for religious reasons, but the Stage Society found an approving audience and it set the tinkers of Mayo rioting. My anonymous collaborator when asked to name a tinker in the play had named him after a real tinker. A farmer who had read *The United Ireland* supplement reproached that tinker for letting his daughter marry a man with no visible means of subsistence and permitting her to solemnize the marriage by jumping over a bucket. The angry parent called God to witness that he had done no such thing, other farmers and tinkers joined what grew into a considerable fight, and all were brought up before the magistrate.

During these first years, Lady Gregory was friend and hostess, a center of peace, an adviser who never overestimated or underestimated trouble, but neither she nor we thought her a possible creator. But now all in a moment, as it seemed, she became the founder of modern Irish dialect literature. When her husband died she had sold her London house, hiring instead a small flat in Queen Anne's Mansions, lived most of the year at Coole, cutting down expenses that her son might inherit an unencumbered estate. In early life she had written two or three articles, such as many clever fashionable women write, more recently had edited her husband, Sir William Gregory's, autobiography and "Mr. Gregory's Letter-Box," a volume of letters to Richard Gregory, Irish Under-secretary at the beginning of the nineteenth century, from Palmerston, Wellesley, many famous men drawn from the Coole archives. Some slight desire to create had been put aside until her son reached manhood; but now he had left the university and she was fifty.

I told her that Alfred Nutt had offered to supply me with translations of the Irish heroic cycles if I would pick the best versions and put my English upon them, attempting what Malory had done for the old French narratives. I told her that I was too busy with my own work. Some days later she asked if I would object to her attempting it, making or finding the translations herself. An eminent Trinity College professor had described ancient Irish literature as "silly, religious or indecent," and she thought such work necessary for the dignity of Ireland. "We work to add dignity to Ireland" was a favorite phrase of hers. I hesitated, I saw nothing in her past to fit her for that work; but in a week or two she brought a translation of some heroic tale, what tale I cannot now remember, in the dialect of the neighborhood, where one discovers the unemphatic cadence, the occasional poignancy, of Tudor English. Looking back, "Cuchulain of Muirthemne" and "Gods and Fighting Men" at my side, I can see that they were made possible by her past; semi-feudal Roxborough, her inherited sense of caste, her knowledge of that top of the world where men and women are valued for their manhood and their charm, not for their opinions, her long study of Scottish ballads, of

Percy's "Reliques," of the "Morte D'Arthur." If she had not found those tales, or finding them had not found the dialect of Kiltartan, that past could not, as it were, have drawn itself together, come to birth as present personality. Sometimes in her letters, in her books, when she wrote ordinary English, she was the late-Victorian woman turning aside from reality to what seems pleasing, to a slightly sentimental persiflage, as to a form of politeness—in society, to discover "eternity glaring," as Carlyle did when he met Charles Lamb for the first time, is scarcely in good taste—but in her last years, when speaking in her own character, she seemed always her greater self.

A writer must die every day he lives, be reborn, as it is said in the Burial Service, an incorruptible self, that self opposite of all that he named himself. George Moore, before the annihilation of an impersonal bleak realism, used life like a medieval ghost making a body for itself out of drifting dust and vapor; and have I not sung in describing guests at Coole—"There one that ruffled in a manly pose, For all his timid heart"—that one myself. Synge was a sick man picturing energy, a doomed man picturing gayety; Lady Gregory, in her life much artifice, in her nature much pride, was born to see

the glory of the world in a peasant mirror. "I saw the household of Finn; it was not the household of a soft race; I had a vision of that man yesterday. . . . A king of heavy blows; my law; my adviser, my sense and my wisdom, prince and poet, braver than kings, King of the Fianna, brave in all countries; golden salmon of the sea, clean hawk of the air . . . a high messenger in bravery and in music.

"His skin lime-white, his hair golden; ready to work, gentle to women. His great green vessels full of rough sharp wine, it is rich the king was, the head of his people."

And then Grania's song over the sleeping Diarmuid: "Sleep a little, sleep a little, for there is nothing at all to fear, Diarmuid, grandson, grandson of Duibhne; sleep here soundly, soundly, Diarmuid, to whom I have given my love.

"It is I will keep watch for you, grandchild of shapely Duibhne; sleep a little, a blessing on you, beside the well of the strong field; my lamb from above the lake, from the banks of the strong streams."

WILLIAM BUTLER YEATS.

This is the last of five articles selected from Yeats's memoirs.—THE EDITORS.

The Socialists' Trial in Vienna

ONCE MORE the attempt has been made to suppress a spiritual movement, which exists in all civilized countries, by bringing high-treason charges against it. This attempt will fail, however, just as similar previous attempts have failed. It cannot be long before this movement will again be legal and recognized." This statement was made by Dr. F. Schoenfeld, one of the eighteen defense lawyers, in his summation of the case of the thirty Austrian Socialists.

The results of the trial indicate that Dr. Schoenfeld is probably right. One must remember that only two years ago a dozen people perished on the gallows because they attempted to defend what they thought was the rightful Constitution of the country. Socialist faith then was often chastised by capital punishment. Even a year ago the leaders of the Republican Schutzbund (the Socialist defense groups) received sentences of twelve and eighteen years, although later they were granted amnesty.

The sentences proclaimed on March 24, 1936, must be called lenient—at least lenient for a semi-fascist State. Karl Hans Sailer, former editor of the Social Democratic Arbeiter Zeitung, was sentenced to twenty months in the penitentiary; Frau Emhardt, a municipal councillor from St. Poelten, Lower Austria, to eighteen months; and Herr Roman Felleis, a courageous young Socialist, to sixteen months. Ten others received penitentiary sentences

ranging from six to twelve months, three were given six weeks' suspended sentence, and fourteen were acquitted. As the *Untersuchungshaft* (imprisonment while awaiting trial), which lasted fourteen months, was deducted from their sentences, only three of the defendants will have to remain in jail.

The trial gave new proof of the lofty and determined spirit that still animates the former members of the dissolved Social Democratic Party in Austria. These people were tried because they attempted to reorganize themselves in a so-called "Revolutionary Socialist" movement. Since discussion of such a plan was impossible in Vienna, they all went, under one pretense or another, to Bruenn, Czechoslovakia, only ninety miles from Vienna, and discussed ways and means of keeping the rank and file of the old party together. Their activities were disclosed by a police informer, and thirty of them were arrested and tried on a charge of high treason. The public prosecutor, Herr Scheiberth, called for capital punishment in the case of Herr Sailer and Frau Emhardt, and asked sentences of from ten to twenty years for the others.

The majority of the Socialist defendants showed exemplary conduct at the trial. At least twenty-five out of the thirty were minor Dimitroffs: courageous, intelligent, outspoken, quick-witted. They did not deny their conviction, they did not refute the charge of forming a new party-like organization

but they emphatically denied that their activity amounted to high treason. Their behavior before the court showed that the authorities can kill or disperse an organization, but that they cannot exterminate the Socialist spirit. All the prisoners were convinced that conditions in Austria are bound to change and that the day will come when the government will have to appeal to them for help in blocking Hitler, against whom the only efficient guarantee is the resistance of the Socialist workers. The leaders testified that their chief aim in reorganizing the party was to keep the embittered masses away from National Socialism. Their evidence also showed that the workers, far from committing high treason, were ready to serve the State if their own organizations were granted a certain freedom. They said openly that they did not want to overthrow the present regime by force of arms. The results of two civil wars have shown that the workers, with their scanty weapons, can have no chance against the well armed forces of the State. They wanted to fight their struggle with the weapon of spiritual persuasion. Nevertheless, they are firmly convinced that the time is not far distant when the workers will again become a factor with which the State will have to deal.

The former secretary of the Socialist youth organization, Roman Felleis, said in his evidence: "The aim of our new organization was to liquidate February. We have done nothing against the existence of the present State. But we admit openly that we are irreconcilable opponents of the present regime. A complete winding up of February, 1934, should mean not only an amnesty for all Socialists, but also an economic liquidation—the liquidation of the economic persecutions."

Frau Marie Emhardt described the tragic career of a mill hand—she was employed in a textile mill when she was fourteen. "I was then compelled to do night work in a war establishment. There was not the least protection against exploitation. I realized that the individual had no chance to fight against such injustice, and this induced me to join the Socialist movement. I am a Socialist in every cell of my heart and with all the power of my mind, because I am against starvation, misery and suffering, because I am against fascism and war. All that I have done arose from those feelings."

Karl Hans Sailer, the other chief defendant, said, "Nobody can seriously believe that a great and deep-rooted tree, such as the Austrian Socialist Party, can be destroyed overnight. The party lives, despite February. Only its muscles are cut. The authorities can prohibit the organization, but they cannot eliminate from this world the men with their deep and strong connections and convictions. . . . We are at least as good Austrians as those who have the power in their hands, even if we decline their antiquated phrases. We seek a *free* Austria, and the workers are the right group to defend such a free Austria against all enemies."

Vienna.

M. W. FODOR.

Washington Notes

Governor Landon's Boom—Nothing Succeeds Like Success—Edge vs. Hilles, Roraback and Reed—The Unemployed as Bosses

DURING the last month Governor Landon's candidacy has progressed remarkably. The legend is spreading that he is not a small-town politician, but a great leader, combining the best features of Coolidge, Theodore Roosevelt and Lincoln, to whom the people of this distressed country are spontaneously turning. Because Mr. Landon and his backers have not—at least not yet—entered into a deal with the chief Republican bosses, Messrs. Hilles, Roraback and Reed, it is contended that he is a liberal, free of all obligations to big business.

If Mr. Landon's sudden prominence is analyzed, however, what do you find? One major element, certainly, has been the generally cordial newspaper stories about him. Mr. Landon's technique with reporters is now fairly well known. He adopts much the same manner as an Alaskan fur trader on the semi-annual visit of the mailman. He is hungry for news from the "outside." He wants to know what the big men—in which group he delicately includes his interviewer—are thinking in Washington, New York and Chicago. Revealing as little as possible of what he himself thinks, he seeks his visitor's judgment on agriculture, unemployment relief and inflation. He is grateful for his visitor's advice, and there is a soft hint that if he were in the White House, he would often wish his visitor's counsel.

Undoubtedly another large element in Mr. Landon's boom is that he comes from a farm state in a year when farmers probably will decide the election. But, again, this by itself explains nothing. Senator Dickinson comes from Iowa, as good a farm state as Kansas. Mr. Borah was a leader of the Senate farm bloc when Mr. Landon was still playing fraternity politics, and thereby earning his nickname of "Fox," in Kansas University.

The chief thing that distinguishes Mr. Landon from his rivals, it seems to me, is that he now has more delegates than anyone else. He is popular simply because he is ahead. The history of his boom shows that it has not been due, in any considerable measure, either to his personality or his rumored liberalism. From a politician's standpoint, the impressiveness of Mr. Landon's boom lies in the fact that, although a farm-state candidate, he has broken into the East, gaining New Jersey and Delaware. He will receive New Jersey's vote primarily because Mr. Walter Edge, ex-Ambassador to France, one-time crony of President Harding, and the representative of big business, wants to be state boss. Until a short time ago, the Republican leader of New Jersey was the bouncing, slapdash Governor Hoffman. Hoffman showed great vote-getting ability in 1934, and expected to be a favorite-son candidate at Cleveland. In order to displace Hoffman, Edge had to have a rival presidential candidate, and chose Landon. Victory for the Landon delegates and Edge has now been made virtually certain by Governor Hoffman's strange political suicide in the murky waters of the Hauptmann case.

A few days ago, Governor Buck of Delaware traveled to Topeka, and there formally pledged allegiance to Mr. Landon. It is hard to believe that he would have done this without the approval of the duPonts, his state's overlords. That other important Eastern financial interests are prepared to back Landon seems probable from the recurrent suggestion that former Senator James W. Wadsworth, arch-Tory and now member of the House, will run with him as candidate for Vice-President. According to report, Wadsworth's friends arranged a meeting some weeks ago at which Landon's candidacy was discussed and endorsed.

Mr. Landon has also broken into the Southern states, capturing Kentucky's twenty-two votes. Previously Kentucky's delegation had been bagged by Robert H. ("Tanglefoot Bob") Lucas, once head of the Republican National Committee, on behalf of Colonel Knox. A few days ago, however, following a series of fast-moving swaps between John M. Robsion, Kentucky's only Republican representative, and the state organization leaders, the delegation was delivered over to Landon.

In California, a delegation pledged to Mr. Landon is running under the sponsorship of Mr. Hearst. Landon's advocates argue hotly that he ought not be blamed for Hearst's support, which they say has been entirely unsolicited. However, there was an easy way in which Mr. Landon might have disembarrassed himself. He could have written the California election authorities forbidding the use of his name on the Hearst ballot. Under California law, the ballot would have been void, and Mr. Hearst would have been denied representation on the floor at Cleveland.

Examples such as these, it seems to me, suggest that Mr. Landon's boom has grown chiefly through deals among reactionary politicians, with the hidden backing of big business. Messrs. Hilles, Roraback and Reed feel secure in the respective states; unlike Mr. Edge in New Jersey, it is of no advantage to them to enter into deals until convention time, when the price of an uninstructed delegation is at its highest. Consequently they have done no business with Mr. Landon. Conceivably he may never need to make terms with them, and can win against their opposition. But it is worth asking whether, if Mr. Edge, Governor Buck and Mr. Hearst should help Mr. Landon pick his Cabinet in the event of his election, the result would be greatly different from a Cabinet selected by Messrs. Hilles, Roraback and Reed.

At present, Mr. Landon's two most fervent ill wishers are, incongruously enough, Mr. Hoover and Senator Borah. The Hearst-Landon campaign in California threatens to deprive Mr. Hoover of all influence over the state organization, and, according to stories reaching Washington, his bitterness knows no bounds. He is reported to be working with Hoover thoroughness among right-wing farm groups to promote the candidacy of Senator Dickinson, but without much evidence of success. Senator Borah is supposed to be awaiting an opportunity to attack Mr. Landon's alleged big-business connections.

Of far more significance than the Republican pre-convention campaign is the united-front meeting of the enem-

largest bloc of voters in the country. If they can learn to act together, they can change the present sham political struggles in Washington into real ones.

Washington.

T. R. B.

Other People's Money

How Corporation "Sugar" Is Gathered—Salaries Ain't the Half of It—Stone and Webster Finances a Flyer by Its President

THE SALARIES paid corporation executives have come in for a good deal of spotlighting since 1933. This of course is well enough. But I have always maintained that corporation salaries, as a rule, constitute but a minor element in the technique of our acquisitive magnates. The means by which corporation executives enrich themselves are so numerous that a whole volume could be written about them. And indeed a volume ought to be written about them—a sort of manual for ambitious young Americans who hunger for the fleshpots but who do not always know how to go about getting them. A recent instance has come to light that should be very instructive to young fleshpot hunters.

In January, 1931, Mr. George O. Muhlfeld was president of Stone and Webster, a large public-utility holding company. Mr. Muhlfeld had only recently been made president. He had served as vice-president at a salary of \$75,000 a year. Now he was offered the presidency at \$100,000 a year.

About the same time Mr. Muhlfeld decided to invest in some additional stock of Stone and Webster. Apparently because he did not have the money to buy it, Stone and Webster obtained it for him. The corporation sold its new president 15,000 shares of stock. The price was \$562.237.50. Stone and Webster didn't have any stock to sell. It went into the open market and bought it for cash and sold it to Mr. Muhlfeld at that price. But Mr. Muhlfeld put up no money. He agreed to pay for it over a period of four years in four equal instalments of \$140,584 each.

Now, if you will take a swift glance at this, you will see that the president of the corporation was getting half a million dollars' worth of stock on credit without putting up one cent of margin. This was in 1931 when had you entered the market to make such a purchase you would have been asked at least 40 percent on this little venture.

Why did Mr. Muhlfeld buy the stock? Why does anyone buy stock? Stone and Webster shares had sold in 1929 at one time as high as 201. Now they were down to around 45. There was a pleasant notion abroad in 1931 that things had about hit bottom. Dr. Hoover, the eminent magician, was performing his sorcery on the depression and announcing at intervals that he had it tied in knots. Men were saying to themselves—things can't go any lower than this. Time out of mind, the way to riches in Wall Street has been to buy low—buy when depressions have forced prices down—and sell when recovery lifts them to the sky again. Of course no one, I dare say, hoped Stone and Webster would go to 201 again. But surely it

mulating bargains at this time as they had always done in similar situations.

No one can say what any man's object is in buying shares. But the reason given above would be a perfectly plausible one. And when we remember that the president was buying the stock without putting up any margin and at five-percent interest, which would be taken care of out of the dividends on the shares, we see that it looked like a good buy to those who imagined in 1931 that the storm was spent.

A year rolled around and December 31, 1931, appeared. The first payment of \$140,584 was due. But alas, by that time the shares had gone down to something like 10. The \$562,000 investment was worth no more than \$150,000. Mr. Muhlfeld defaulted on his first payment. The company might have sold him out. But one remembers the tenderness the National City Bank felt for its executives who owed money under something like the same conditions. It canceled their loans "to preserve their morale" but kept on collecting from the clerks. Stone and Webster promptly modified Mr. Muhlfeld's contract. The payments were cut in half. The period of payment was extended to eight years. As for the interest, that was taken care of chiefly by dividends and Mr. Muhlfeld made up the small balance.

December, 1932, rolled around. Mr. Muhlfeld was faced with his payment of \$70,000. He couldn't meet it. The dividends had been reduced so that this item could no longer be used to take care of the interest. So Stone and Webster reduced the interest to three percent. Remember that Stone and Webster is a corporation that belongs to innumerable stockholders, whose money was now loaned to the president at three percent. When 1933 arrived, things were even worse. Mr. Muhlfeld still couldn't pay. But the corporation carried him along until December, 1934. By that time these 15,000 shares were worth about \$50,000. Again Mr. Muhlfeld couldn't pay. Dividends had now disappeared. The kindly directors simply deferred all payments until a time not later than December, 1938. They reduced the interest to two percent. But they asked him to put up some additional collateral, which he did.

Now "recovery" is setting in. The price of the shares is rising. They are now worth perhaps \$300,000. Maybe one of these days Mr. Muhlfeld may pull out of this hole. The fact that his venture turned out so badly is of course not important save as it illustrates the sweetness and gentleness with which his company treated him as distinguished from the celerity with which it turns off the electricity of a customer who is a couple of months behind in his bill. The important point is the manner in which a corporation executive can manage to make a half-million-dollar investment with the aid of his company's funds and without margin. The "opportunities" that come to the executive are really more to be desired than salary.

Why did Stone and Webster do this? Mr. Muhlfeld explains that they did it to induce him to accept the presidency. At the time he was vice-president of the company at \$75,000 a year. He admits he had no other offers, but he asks us to believe that to persuade him to accept the presidency at \$100,000, this other inducement was necessary.

On the Labor Front

A Lesson in Lexicography—Words Are Seldom What They Seem—Some Notes for a Future Essay

IT IS a matter of common knowledge that words and phrases are likely to undergo changes in meaning, though it is frequently not known just how or why such changes occur. I plan sometime to write a little essay on the subject so that future philologists and sociologists, when they come to study the remarkable era in which we live, will not be too confused. I have already collected some data for the essay and made a few preparatory notes that will indicate the complex nature of the problem:

Amendment, Child Labor.—Originally passed by Congress to permit regulation or prohibition of child labor in factories, mines, etc., and so regarded by the legislatures of the twenty-four states which have ratified it. (But see Amendment, Youth Control; Birth Control; Freedom and Democracy; Sanctity of the Home.)

Amendment, Youth Control.—This is the term now used by newspaper publishers and the Associated Press to describe the Child Labor Amendment. Thus, a headline in the New York Herald Tribune of April 1, 1935, declares: "Youth Control Amendment Up in Albany." Similarly, Jerome D. Barnum, publisher of The Syracuse Post-Standard and president of the American Newspaper Publishers' Association, tells the Judiciary Committee of the New York State Senate that "ratification of the amendment for the federal control of youth" would give Congress power to "direct and dictate the lives of our youth . . . in their homes, in the schools and in the churches." (See Newspaper Publishers.)

Birth Control.—Not to be confused with Youth Control.

Freedom and Democracy.—In great jeopardy, according to newspaper publishers, if Congress is permitted to legislate on child labor, because no one can predict what Congress might do. Sponsors of the Child Labor Amendment, Mr. Barnum warns,

will tell you that it is inconceivable that Congress will legislate up to the powers conferred, but not one of them can guarantee any limitation, for they and all other citizens will have no part in the action of Congress for enforcement once the amendment is adopted. Therefore, the one sure way to keep our youth free from dangerous federal dictation and centralization of power in future years is to prevent ratification now.

Thus, from this publisher point of view, representative government is antithetical to freedom and democracy. Congress, once regarded as the greatest parliamentary institution ever set up for free and democratic expression of the people's will, can no longer be viewed as such. It cannot be trusted with freedom and democracy especially when

Fink.—This is what strikebreakers call themselves, but the term is rarely seen in print, apparently because the press does not regard it as sufficiently dignified. The United Press, for example, recently sent the following message to editors: "Please eliminate the word 'fink' from New York elevator-strike story throughout and substitute 'strikebreaker.'" Even the term "strikebreaker" seems unduly harsh to some editors, who prefer to use "loyal workers" in this connection. The Associated Press, in describing the armed thugs supplied by Bergoff and other strikebreaking agencies during the New York City elevator strike, referred to them as "replacement workers." (See *Workers, Loyal.*)

Newspaper Publishers.—Employers of child labor.

Open Shop.—Employers have tried desperately to popularize this term as meaning a shop open to both union and non-union workers, but it means only one thing to labor—an anti-union shop. Thus The Harrisburg (Pennsylvania) Telegraph Press recently refused to renew an agreement with its union printers and published the following announcement: "Our employees have been informed that The Telegraph Press, under open-shop conditions, does not intend to erect any bars against union labor. Individual employees know that they are welcome to return to work either as members of the union or not." Since this new policy was accompanied by a 9.5-percent cut in wages, the printers were not greatly impressed, went on strike and, after two weeks, won a two-year agreement with union conditions.

Sanctity of the Home.—Among other things, this involves the right of little children to be breadwinners. It would be threatened, according to opponents of the Child Labor Amendment, should children be forced out of the factories and placed in school. Families deprived of the earnings of newsboys, ten to fifteen years of age, would lose all of \$1.41 a week, the median earnings of the "little merchants" as reported by the Department of Labor.

Standard of Living, American.—Always a rather vague concept, this happy phrase has recently experienced a sharp change in meaning. In the period circa 1928 it was possible for a presidential candidate to be elected on a promise of "a chicken in every pot and two cars in every garage." In the recent mayoralty campaign in Milwaukee, however, Sheriff Joseph Shinnars was not nearly so generous. He appealed for labor support on the basis that every worker was entitled to a "frugal comfort wage." Mr. Shinnars' term is unfortunately a trifle obscure and since he was defeated by the Socialist candidate, Mayor Daniel Hoan, we may never learn just what he meant. There may be a clue, however, in a recent editorial in The New York Daily Mirror. This points out, in the course of denouncing the Townsend Plan, that it is not necessary to give "each old couple \$4,800 a year, which is at least four times more than the average, fairly prosperous American family earns in its prime . . . \$40 in pension money every month would mean an end of want." Since competent students tell us that a family needs at least \$2,000 to buy merely bare necessities, it appears that the American Standard of Living

Workers, Loyal.—This came into prominence during the general textile strike in 1934 as a variant for "strikebreakers," and has since been recommended by the American Newspaper Publishers' Association to its members as the preferable term. However, it has a special meaning in Memphis, Tennessee, where fifteen firemen were recently discharged because they joined a union. This action of theirs was regarded as proof that they were not loyal to the city government, though no fault could be found in their service as firemen, which averaged eleven years each. Similarly, the Board of Education in Memphis has now notified some 500 teachers that they must either abolish their union, the American Federation of Teachers, by July 1, 1936, or lose their jobs. WILLIAM P. MANGOLD.

Mr. Capra Goes to Town

FRANK CAPRA'S new movie, "Mr. Deeds Goes to Town," is every bit as good as its logical predecessor, "It Happened One Night," possibly better. But I doubt if this will be accepted so very generally, mainly because of what may be called the growth of legend in art. "It Happened One Night" had a peculiar and interesting career. It was not so much the first thing of its kind as the best thing of its kind then made. But it opened simply as a movie and how is such a thing to be recognized at the time of release? No splurge, no spectacular press-agenting. It was rated just another comedy and quite good if you like that sort of thing. Then it began to build. People who saw it told other people, and people who saw other people who had seen it said, Didn't you just love the part where he, etc. And people who had truly enjoyed it but would, in the course of two normal months, have forgotten the title said, Yes and do you remember the part where, etc. It built up strongly in repeat engagements. It became a classic. And so after more than a year, with everybody keeping Capra's memory green and talking classics and all, there hastened in some really grave beards from the critical world to announce it was certainly certifiable as a classic. And so now it is a certified classic, too bad.

It is too bad because now, just when "Mr. Deeds" is ready for showing, the "Happened One Night" legend makes it difficult to remember that the story of the earlier film, as originally seen, was really so much dish water, and leaked through here and there in spite of a beautiful film treatment. The myth and hullabaloo have overshadowed the real lesson (also found in "Mr. Deeds") this picture might have taught, namely that it is purely foolish to consider films in terms of what their story would look like on paper. And that a movie can be made out of anything or nothing so long as it is in the hands of the best picture makers—which is to say, those with the best feeling for life and for the intricate possibilities and effects of films.

What any director can do is pretty much limited by what he is given to work on and how far he is allowed to go with it. But Capra, by luck, persistence and (mostly) ability, has got to a place where he can keep by him his familiar in the writing of scripts (Robert Riskin) and be choosier over what he works on and with whom. He takes a plot with as few restrictions as possible (it has the

fairly empty of anything else) and proceeds to fill it up with situations and characters from life—working the situations into some direct line with wonderful care both for their speed and clarity as parts and for their associative values, their cumulative effect in the whole story; working over the casting and combined performance of the best actors he can get hold of; making his own show with genius and humble labor from start to finish. His type of comedy differs from that of Clair in minor respects (with the possible exception of Lubitsch, there have been no others so far who can keep up with him); but the two have in common the same basic drollery, good spirits and human sympathy, the same quick perception and whatever magic it is that can keep several irons in the fire all the time, and the fire blowing bright. Capra hasn't the hard universal brilliance of Clair at his best (some years ago now) and his prize effects happen in twos rather than in Clair's one-two-three formation; but he is more homey, less apt to make his sentiment slush, closer to the lives of his audience, enlisting more of their belief and sympathy.

"Mr. Deeds" is simply about a corn-tossel poet (Gary Cooper) who inherits millions and goes to the city, where everyone upsets his naïve faith and honest good-fellowship by ridiculing or trying to swindle him, from the directors of the opera to the girl, who starts out by playing him for a boob and ends up breaking her heart over it. Gary Cooper is not the I-swan stooge of tradition but a solid character, shrewd and not to be trifled with, sincere, gay, charming, the girls will want to muss his hair. And Jean Arthur is well set off, smart, a little husky, with good emotions in reserve. And then Lionel Stander, press-agenting his way with vowels like iron filings, and Douglas Dumbrille, the legal snake from Cedar, Cedar, Cedar and Budington. Everywhere you go in this picture there is someone who is a natural in the part—Raymond Walburn, Warren Hymer, Walter Catlett, George Bancroft, Ruth Donnelly, H. B. Warner, Gene Morgan, there is no end to them.

And everywhere the picture goes, from the endearing to the absurd, the accompanying business is carried through with perfect zip and relish. The entourage tracks down the new heir and there he is, polite but abstracted, getting a round, clear E-flat out of his tuba to help him think. Budington, he says, funny I can't think of a rhyme for Budington. They are at the station waiting for him, Lionel Stander's hair still on end from the thought of poetry and where is he now? The town band is playing, the train is coming in, and no heir—or leastwise not until the camera closes on the band and finally on the new millionaire in the middle of it, working over the stock arrangement bass part to "Auld Lang Syne" on his tuba and proud as all get out. The film has some prime examples of the spoken gag ("What's that, who said that?" the boss says, his staff filing out after a terrific dressing down; and the chap says, "Uh, I was saying you got dirty plaster.") and it has prime examples of purely visual comedy—precisely timed kicks in the pants, banister glides, headers over garbage cans, etc. It has this and it has that, and I begin to realize about here that it is the kind of thing there is no use talking on about. It is a humdinger and a beauty, but—like anything so conceived and expressed in terms of motion—literally too much for words.

Journalism Under Dictatorship

THE WAY in which the daily press is muzzled under a Fascist dictatorship is strikingly demonstrated in the material published below. It gives the secret instructions issued by the Italian government to all the newspapers of that country during a few days early this year. Similar instructions are sent out regularly at intervals of a few days in this and other dictator-ridden countries. Every effort is made to keep such instructions absolutely secret and the severest penalties have been inflicted on those suspected of smuggling them out of the country for publication abroad. The material given is quoted from *Giustizia e Libertà*, an Italian anti-Fascist newspaper published in Paris. The translation is by The Manchester Guardian.—THE EDITORS.

January 25.—(1) Do not publish, even in the Stefani communiqué, the message of d'Annunzio to the Blackshirts of Brescia.

(2) Reserve with regard to the Ministerial crisis in France, and the English Memorandum at Geneva.

(3) Do not reproduce from the *Giornale d'Italia* the news concerning the praise by Starace, of the "Arditi" of Milan.

January 28.—In the news from London and Paris avoid any allusion which might seem unpleasant for Germany.

January 31.—(1) Do not attack the Sarraut Cabinet.

(2) Do not repeat any more the message of General Russo to the first battalions of Blackshirts.

(3) His Excellency Alfieri begs you to reduce the account of his trip to Paris to a few lines.

February 1.—(1) Reproduce in full the Appeal to the Students published in the *Popolo d'Italia*.

(2) It is forbidden to reproduce facts and photographs from the memorandum on Abyssinian atrocities presented by Italy to the League of Nations.

(3) Do not give news of a supposed meeting of French and English admirals at Malta.

February 11.—(1) Do not mention German armaments and do not speak of a German peril. Revise in this sense your message from abroad.

(2) Reserve concerning oil. No comments.

(3) Revise messages from abroad and cut out any eventual statements which—in speaking of the attitudes of other States—might reveal what our own attitude toward the embargo is.

February 12.—(1) Do not report, as several newspapers have done, news from abroad of a supposed attack by Seyoum on Makale, with particulars coming from an Abyssinian source.

(2) It has been decided that the embargo on oil is not to be spoken of. Above all, no prognostications are to be made. Prognostications made abroad are not to be published.

February 13.—(1) No more news is to be given about the sequestration of Italian goods in the ports of "sanctionist" countries (lemons, artichokes, etc.).

(2) A detached attitude and great objectivity with regard to the project of settlement of the Danube ter-

February 15.—(1) Attenuate the Blum affair and the disbanding of the [French Fascist] Leagues.

(2) Cut down the messages from abroad.

(3) No interest to be shown in the oil embargo.

(4) Nothing more to be said about the Stresa Front and the watch on the Brenner.

The Bandwagon

A stockholder [of the American Tobacco Company] emphasized that 95 percent of social unrest throughout the country is directly traceable to publication of income statistics of individuals.—*The New York Herald Tribune*, April 2.

Due to the fact that President Roosevelt used it twice in his radio speech of October 22, 1933, the word "chiseler" as a synonym for "cheat" is acceptable as a colloquialism, according to Frank H. Vizetelly, noted lexicographer.—*Question and Answer column in The Pittsburgh Press*, April 5. Submitted by William Borland, Edgewood, Pa.

... Religion, regardless of sect, is something that makes government give business a chance, makes capital and labor willing to fight depressions instead of each other, makes all realize that money has to be earned before it is spent, that sharing rather than dividing is the way to give each man his part, and that payday always comes.—*Editorial in Printers' Ink*, February 13.

A Nuremberg court has sentenced a Jewish cattle dealer to six weeks' imprisonment for wearing brown trousers. The court ruled that a Jew should not wear brown trousers because they might be confused with the uniform of the Nazi storm troopers. The defendant pleaded he had worn them for many years and that all cattle dealers in the district wore brown trousers while working.—*Berlin Dispatch to The New York Times*, April 6.

A confidential warning has been issued to a number of [Austrian] politicians to refrain for the present from further anti-Semitic speeches in order to protect the approaching tourist season.—*Vienna Dispatch to The New York Times*, April 6.

Realize there is a job for you and a good one. In fact, there are several jobs ready for you. There are several employers who will be glad to hire you. Find them—then sell yourself to them. The employment market is flooded with mediocre personalities and there is a distinct scarcity of well poised, well trained people.—*One of ten rules "For Getting the Right Job" issued by Arthur F. Payne, Director of the Personnel Bureau of the College of the City of New York*.

Our readers are invited to contribute to this column and \$1 will be paid for each item used. Address The Bandwagon, care of The New Republic. Unless a request to the contrary is made, we shall publish the name and address of the contributor.—THE EDITORS.

C O R R E S P O N D E N C E

Hitler and Capitalism

SIR: However much I agree with your well founded criticism of Nazi tactics in the editorial "The Chance of Peace in Europe" [The New Republic, March 25], I question your statement that Hitler's "support of capitalism increased the burden of the masses."

It is an established fact that while the dictatorial states of Nazism and Fascism accepted capitalist aid in their early establishment, they soon revoked this amenity and commandeered capitalistic finance to the point, at present, where large industrialists in Germany, if less censored, would denounce Nazi policies and attempt a *coup d'état* to overthrow Hitler.

A striking example of Hitler's anti-capitalistic feeling is the ruthless manner in which he compelled German industrialists to re-engage unemployed workers whether they needed them or not; a part of the same program was the command to supplant machine-power with man-power wherever possible. Dr. Schacht admitted that such edicts could be enforced only under an "authoritarian" state, which subjugates the property rights so dear to capitalists. Most economists attribute the decline of unemployment in Germany to the anti-capitalist policy pursued by Hitler. In this respect the "burdens of the masses" have been considerably alleviated.

JAMES J. HEALY.

Madison, Wis.

[Hitler's work-sharing program is regulation of capitalism, not antagonism to its basic principle. Unemployment has decreased in Germany only by virtue of measures that injure social and industrial production.]

Such decrease cannot be permanent; a reverse trend is even now under way. Meanwhile, real wages drop and shortage of consumers' goods grows. Hitler is thus saving private ownership at the expense of the masses.—THE EDITORS.]

The World Power Conference

SIR: Active preparations are now under way for the World Power Conference, which will be held in Washington, September 7-12. This conference will probably be the largest international gathering ever held in Washington, with perhaps fifty nations represented.

The decision to make the Washington topic "The National Power Economy" was due largely to the widespread feeling that our economic and social progress has lagged behind our technological progress, with serious consequences. So there will be discussion of specific problems in organization, planning, management and control of power and conservation of power resources. Technical aspects of power will be covered in the technical program of the Second Congress on Large Dams, to be held concurrently with the World Power Conference; and in the exhibits, extensive "study tours" and round-table discussions supplementing the World Power Conference program.

The American National Committee, in charge of the Conference, includes representatives of engineering and technical associations, the trade associations of the electrical, coal, gas and petroleum industries, public utilities, government power authorities, technical schools, engineers, economists, leaders of labor and representatives of the consumer.

A Very Melancholy Error

SIR: Call it fate, or call it what you will, but there is a very melancholy error in my otherwise great story "The Good Year," published in the April Fool's Number of The New Republic: the error may be your fault or it may be the fault of my agent's stenographer. It is certainly not my fault, as I, although I never write anything over, write perfectly. Anyhow, you have Juan Cabral ask the same question twice, thus: Is there much work to do? This very nearly throws out of gear the whole magic of the story. I thought I ought to mention this and warm the hearts of my ardent admirers, and poison the blood of my ardent enemies, especially the brothers of the proletariat.

San Francisco, Calif.

BILL SAROYAN.

[The error was The New Republic's, made in resetting a line just before going to press. We apologize to Mr. Saroyan and our readers. The passage should have read:

Is there much work to do? said the Mexican.

Very little, I said.

Is it pleasant work? said the Mexican.

It is pleasant and healthful, I said.—THE EDITORS.]

Nazi Propaganda in American Pulpits

SIR: Following your kind invitation I wish to bring to the attention of the readers of The New Republic the fact that Nazi propaganda in the United States is using even ministers to bring the anti-Semitic poison into your—and I am glad that I can now say my new—country.

The Reverend B. Walther Pfeil, pastor of Emanuel Church at Hudson, New York, recently returned from a trip to Germany and not only told his congregation that the Jews in German politics had too great an influence and that they were criminals—these are familiar Nazi lies—but he also gave figures to "prove" this.

He said that the Social Democratic Party had 39 members on the committees of the Reichstag, of whom 38 were Jews. What is the truth? In the German parliament elected July 31, 1932, there were 608 deputies, only 14 of whom were of Jewish birth. Of these, 12 were Social Democrats, out of a total of 135 Socialists. Out of 12 Jewish Socialist deputies Mr. Pfeil has made 38! How the Jews have multiplied for his anti-Semitic purposes! Out of more than 120 Socialist members on the committees of the Reichstag he has made 39! How the Gentiles have been diminished for his anti-Semitic purposes! The twelve Jewish deputies took their duties very seriously, as did also the Gentile Socialists. Therefore many of us served on different committees. I myself was for a long time a member of five committees. Mr. Pfeil counts each member of the committee separately and therefore Mr. Magician is able to increase the number of 12 Jews to 38!

Of the many false figures Mr. Pfeil gives to prove that the German Jews were criminals, I will quote only his statement that with twenty-two fraudulent cases, on which he got information in Germany, "no less than twenty Jews were connected." According to the last published "Statistical Yearbook for the German Reich," published by the Statistische Reichsamt, 79,754 persons were convicted of fraud. Mr. Pfeil speaks of only twenty-two cases and he tries to persuade his congregation that this number proves something very important!

Mr. Pfeil protests even against the name of "brutal tyrant," applied to Hitler. He calls him "lenient," because officials of non-Aryan descent are to be pensioned. He calls Hitler beneficent because these officials will receive pensions, which have been guaranteed them by law and the Constitution. Does he really think that the great wrong done to the thousands of officials who were discharged can be rectified by money paid to a few? Does he really believe Hitler was lenient when he murdered his closest friends in the blood purge of June 30, 1934? Does he really believe Hitler was lenient when he allowed thousands and thousands of liberals, pacifists, Catholics, Jews, Socialists and Communists to be imprisoned without trial, mistreated and even murdered?

From The New Republic Mail Bag

David Kruger, of Tucson, Arizona, advocates colonization in the Soviet Union as the solution of the problem of Jewish refugees from Germany. He thinks Palestine is a mere satellite of Great Britain, which might some day find it convenient to withdraw her protectorate and set a helpless settlement adrift in troubled international waters. The Soviet Union offers the surest bulwark against anti-Semitism, and Mr. Kruger thinks that the Jewish religious faith, which has survived under so many different kinds of government, could survive in the U.S.S.R.

Mildred Stone of the Henri Barbusse Memorial Committee writes to tell us of a dinner honoring Heywood Broun, to be held at the Aldine Club, 200 Fifth Avenue, New York City, Friday evening, April 24. The speakers will include Dr. Harry F. Ward, John L. Lewis, Mary van Kleeck, Maurice Sugar, Roy Wilkins and Mr. Broun. New Republic readers in the New York area are invited to attend. The address of the Committee is 45 East Seventeenth Street, New York City.

The Fellowship of Reconciliation calls attention to the work it is doing on behalf of persons in European countries imprisoned for refusal to take military training and would welcome contributions sent either to The War Resisters' International, 11 Abbey Road, Enfield, Middlesex, England, or to The Fellowship of Reconciliation, 2929 Broadway, New York City. . . . The Gould Farm, Great Barrington, Massachusetts, which is a non-profit social-service and convalescent farm, has for sale wood play blocks for children which are made by resident at the farm and are recommended by many progressive schools. . . . The Association of Workers in Public Agencies, 123 West Madison Street, Chicago, sends us a copy of its newspaper, The AWP News, which is intended to build up organization spirit among the workers and aid in the attainment of some of its major objectives, such as an adequate staff, civil-service status, improved personnel practices and a permanent program of public-welfare administration.

A correspondent in Pasadena, California, notes that the international conference on arts and sciences which has been arranged as part of the Tercentenary Celebration of Harvard University will include seventy-five eminent scholars from seventeen different countries. The list does not include anyone from the Soviet Union and our correspondent wonders if the omission was intentional.

Consumers should be protected against spurious use of such words as "approved," "certified" and "listed by" in the marking of industrial products, according to the Association of Consulting Chemists and Chemical Engineers, which has sent us a copy of its proposal transmitted to the American Standards Association. The Association is calling upon business leaders and government authorities to set up standard practices in this field.

What's on the Air?

Representative Wright Patman debating with members of Associated Grocery Manufacturers on merits of Robinson-Patman anti-chain-store bill. Saturday, April 18, 10:30 to 11 P.M., C.B.S.

Frank B. Noyes, Sir Wilmott Lewis and Henry L. Mencken at Associated Press luncheon. Monday, April 20, 2 to 2:30 P.M., N.B.C., both networks.

Dr. Morris Fishbein on "Health and the School." Tuesday, April 21, 11:30 to 11:45 A.M., N.B.C.-WEAF.

Representative Samuel Dickstein discussing immigration laws. Thursday, April 23, 11:15 to 11:30 P.M., N.B.C.-WJZ.

Raymond Moley, introduced by president of National Association of Manufacturers, talks on "Common Sense—1936 Model." Friday, April 24, 10 to 10:30 P.M., N.B.C.-WJZ.

Chairman John G. Winant of the Social Security Board discussing recent social-security legislation. Saturday, April 25, 2:30 to 3 P.M., C.B.S.

President Roosevelt, Governor Lehman and others at Jefferson dinner in New York. Saturday, April 25, 10 to 11:15 P.M., C.B.S. Also on N.B.C.-WEAF, 10:30 to 11 P.M.

Under-Secretary of Agriculture Rexford G. Tugwell assays the accomplishment of the Resettlement Administration to date. Thursday, April 30, 11 to 11:15 P.M., N.B.C.-WEAF.

BOOKS IN REVIEW

The Making of a Writer¹

I CONFESS to having been mildly perturbed when I heard two years ago that Granville Hicks was writing a life of John Reed. The two men had something in common—both of them went to Harvard and both became Communists—but apart from these quite obvious resemblances their temperaments seemed to clash beyond any hope of successful collaboration. Reed was a poet and a bohemian by nature; he groped his way toward instinctive judgments; his picture of the world was primarily esthetic. Hicks incarnates the spirit of sound and scholarly prose; his judgments are based on logic and, beyond that, on the non-conformist New England conscience. It was hard not to feel that his picture of Reed would be distorted and made to fit his own pattern.

I now want to apologize to Hicks for these doubts which I never expressed. His book leaves them with only the faintest shadow of justification. There are a few moments when the contrast between the two men seems a little too striking, especially when Hicks is quoting from "Insurgent Mexico"—at such moments he seems to be slogging along the highway in good footsoldierly prose, while Reed, mounted on a golden stallion, is galloping off into the legendary sunset, young, successful, hated and adored. But this impression fades as the book continues. In the end it becomes clear that Hicks, by patient scholarship, by finding the documents and respecting them, by consulting hundreds of men and women who knew Jack Reed, has managed to recreate his figure very much as it was in life. In the process he gives us a new impression of his own talents. His first book, "The Great Tradition," was systematic, vigorous, but at the same time a little cold and unrelenting toward human weakness. Here there is a surprising warmth, and beyond it a tolerance achieved without sacrificing the moral feeling that lends force to Hicks's writing. He shows a forgiving spirit not only toward John Reed—whose early deviations he might be expected to condone, in the light of Reed's conduct during the Russian revolution—but also toward the poet's friends and girl friends and drinking companions. What emerges is an extraordinarily fine picture of a man's career against the background of Harvard and Greenwich Village, of war, revolution and the American radical movement.

As for John Reed himself, the book makes it clear that he became a revolutionist for reasons that were both profound and fundamentally literary. He could write supremely well on only one subject—on men revolting against the institutions that prevented them from leading human lives. This fact he first discovered in 1913, when he went to Mexico for The Metropolitan and spent three months with Pancho Villa's army. Other correspondents saw battles, generals on horseback, disgustingly dirty soldiers; Reed saw beyond all this to the ideal of human dignity for which the Mexicans were fighting. His imagination was touched and suddenly, overnight, the romantic poet and journalist was transformed into a writer who had something close to genius. The editors of The Metropolitan misunderstood

the nature of his achievement. They thought of him, they advertised him widely, as a dashing, white-stocked, cavalry-booted war correspondent in the tradition of Richard Harding Davis. They sent him to the Western front and were vastly disappointed with the articles he sent home. Reed simply could not report a mechanized butchery; he was not a pacifist, but this war in Europe was not his sort of war.

His path in retrospect seems perfectly clear: by his literary conscience he was continually guided toward the material that produced his best work. But he had no map, and often he tried to escape into blind alleys. At Harvard, for example, he narrowly missed being what in Jewish slang is called an "allrightnik," in this case a conventional member of the Harvard patriciate. In New York after his graduation he was elected to the Dutch Treat Club and felt almost at home among the high-priced magazine hacks. In Florence at Mabel Dodge's villa, and again in Provincetown, he was nearly the perfect bohemian, swimming, loafing, having mad love affairs and writing paradoxical plays. But all the fruits of these escapades—his Harvard poems in the Cantabrigio-Victorian tradition, his monthly-magazine brightness, his Shavian talkodramas—seemed dry and unappetizing. By his hunger for something to feed the imagination, he was continually sucked back into the human struggle where he felt that he belonged.

A favorite theory with regard to John Reed is that he was a poet lost to the world through his ill advised devotion to the revolution. Hicks does not argue this point—one of his virtues as a biographer is that he avoids being controversial—but he furnishes enough facts for the reader to draw his own conclusions. The truth seems to be that Reed was never much of a poet—in verse, at any rate. When he ceased to rhyme his emotions, the world did not lose anything more than another Carl Hovey or Bliss Carman. On the other hand, his best prose, which was his revolutionary prose, added a new quality to American literature. He turned reporting into history, and history itself into the great poem he had failed to write.

Another theory completely disproved by Hicks is that Reed as a revolutionist was only a Harvard playboy who never ceased to be resentful at having to play the new role into which he had blundered. The fact is that after October, 1917, the revolution was almost his whole life—he spoke for it, wrote for it, starved in prison and finally died for it. There was only one occasion when he seemed to be turning it into a game. After the second congress of the Communist International (at which Reed was elected to the Central Executive Committee) he and two friends walked up to Lenin while the delegates were singing and cheering. The tall Americans hoisted the stocky little man to their shoulders as if he were the captain of a winning football team. Lenin did not understand: at first he protested and then began kicking, leaving a big bump on one American's forehead. Reed went away in high spirits. But it happened that this was his one serious breach of revolutionary decorum: the rest of the time he was working hard for the world revolution that seemed to be as certain as sunrise. On his deathbed, just before sinking into a coma, he was correcting the speech on the Negro Question that he had delivered before the Comintern.

¹ John Reed: The Making of a Revolutionary, by Granville Hicks, with the assistance of John Stuart. New York: The Macmillan Company. 453 pages. \$3.50.

The Great Day

M-Day: The First Day of War, by Rose M. Stein. New York: Harcourt, Brace and Company. \$2.50.

IN JUNE of 1920 the National Defense Act, originally passed in 1916, was amended to provide for a Planning Division in the War Department charged with the duty of figuring out how best to control the nation's industrial equipment, natural resources and labor power in time of war. It was but nineteen months since the World War had been brought to a partial halt by the Armistice, and but twelve months since the Treaty of Versailles had been signed. The people of the United States were still under the impression that they had just successfully fought a war to end war, and in their optimism they looked forward to spinning peacefully down the grooves of time. Such intoxicating gabble meant nothing at all to the army boys, and they attacked their task with avidity, accumulating huge mountains of data, listening respectfully to the representatives of the great industrialists and bankers whose coöperation was required for any scheme that would succeed, and eventually they emerged from their studies with a draft of a plan. It was published by the Government Printing Office in 1933. The supply was exhausted within forty-eight hours and the whole business was kept in the twilight zone of a semi-public secret.

Now, in 1936, as a direct result of the Senate munitions committee investigation, Miss Rose M. Stein has incorporated certain of the more horrendous aspects of the plan into a book. To set her stage, Miss Stein retreats and tells the story of how the United States got involved in the last War, giving a rather oversimplified economic interpretation, and advances to take a look at the prospects of war tomorrow. Between these two excursions from the main theme, the real meat of the book is to be found. Of the three principal elements of modern war—the fighting forces, the industrial organization of the nation which must support them, and mass public opinion—the most difficult to control is the last. In 1917 all European nations were struggling with the war weariness of the masses, which expressed itself in fashions ranging from strikes and mutinies to comprehensive revolution, as in Russia. Miss Stein argues that the United States made a major contribution toward putting down this sentiment in the Allied countries, and used its best efforts to crush revolution in the Central Powers and Russia. The sending of an American army to France was part of the campaign. The deduction from this experience is that ways and means must be found to prevent the masses from throwing off their war shackles and taking matters into their own hands during the next war.

The M-Day plan of the United States therefore involves a complete and comprehensive scheme for tying labor to the war machine. Beginning with propaganda, it can move by easy stages to coercion and virtual enslavement of the workers. The key organization is the War Industries Administration. This outfit will not only coördinate the industry of the country; it will also have the power to say who shall work at home and who shall go to the front to fight. It will allow no freedom of choice, but will be a dictatorship. Its directing personnel will be chosen directly from big business, the labor representation provided for being carefully kept away from the seats of power. In short, the army's war plan is a dictatorship of the owning class. Since, as Miss Stein is at pains to demonstrate, capital will follow along only if it can make money out of the war, the ultimate purpose of such a scheme is to

ensure profits to the owning class. On this point the army long since capitulated, and capital now understands its favored position very well. The whole scheme adds up to fascism for the duration of the war—and longer if war weariness should make revolution an imminent possibility.

As anyone can read in the papers, the Roosevelt administration is building up the army and navy at an unprecedented rate. The war plan provides a technique for rapidly expanding both services and getting industry lined up behind them. It provides for chaining labor either to industry or the fighting forces as may be deemed best for the individual or the nation. However, today the mass response to war is infinitely more difficult to predict than in 1914. Miss Stein therefore, and correctly, addresses her book, not to those who know in a fair degree what is going on in Washington, but to labor and the masses of innocent citizens who are in the dark. She asks them what they are going to do to stop the use of this awful juggernaut. "Here," she says in effect, "is what the military has cooked up in the last fifteen years. What do you think of it? What are you going to do about it?" Her own plan is a peace movement thoroughly integrated into the labor movement and animated by a strong drive for a new social order.

C. HARTLEY GRATTAN.

From Whiggery to Liberalism

Lord Brougham, by G. T. Garratt. New York: The Macmillan Company. 366 pages. \$5.50.

THE FIRST Baron Brougham was a man of prodigious learning and prodigious energy. He came from a middle-class family, yet he forced the Whig aristocracy to accept him as one of the leaders of the party and even to take him (once) into the Cabinet. To appraise his career, one must know something of the condition of England during the first decades of the nineteenth century. The wars against the French Revolution and Napoleon gave full sway to the conservative reaction. Habeas corpus was suspended. Juries were packed. Spies were suborned. Public protest meetings fell under a Seditious Meeting Act. The industrial revolution was sweeping over the land, but factory workers were bound hand and foot by law, and illegal outbreaks were suppressed with ferocity. Workers were not even permitted to emigrate: their skill was regarded as the property of the employers.

In this atmosphere of black reaction, Brougham stood out as a radical. Not that his understanding of the pressing economic and labor problems was any deeper than that of the other noted bourgeois radicals of the day—men like Grote and the elder Mill and Nassau Senior, who helped to fasten the chains of the Poor Law of 1834 upon the workers. The conservative Lord Shaftesbury was far in advance of all these radicals. But Brougham was an indefatigable enemy of the slave trade, of the barbarous penal code, of the scandals in the law courts, of flogging in the army, of the use of children as chimney sweeps, of the deliberate and complete neglect of elementary popular education for the express purpose of keeping the poor in a state of obedience to their "natural" superiors and of contentment with their lot. Brougham was also among the founders of London University—an infringement on the monopoly of the two old universities. On the whole, his career pictures the transition from Whiggism to Liberalism.

Mr. Garratt's biography gives a fair idea of its subject and his time, but Brougham does not emerge from its pages a living personality, a various, organic whole—as for example Fox does in the recent biography by Christopher Hobhouse. Certain passages in Brougham's life appear to have been slurred over, nor is it indicated that Brougham was detested and scorned by some of his contemporaries who were not at all conservatives. Mr. Garratt cites the comparatively mild lines in the thirteenth canto of Byron's "Don Juan," in which Brougham is referred to as "Parolles . . . the great legal bully." He overlooks the seven entire stanzas in the first canto, which had remained suppressed until 1903 and in which every word is a whip, every phrase a scorpion:

Groping all paths to power, and all in vain . . .
A democrat some once or twice a year.

HERMAN SIMPSON.

Impression of a Poet

One Season Shattered, by James Daly. Philadelphia: The Centaur Press. 91 pages. \$2.

TODAY the impulse to repudiate the calling of the "pure" poet is logical and compelling. A writer like James Daly must possess not so much logic as an intuitive, if modest, respect for his own soundness to stay with a poetry whose general tone of personal mysticism and sensitive self-completeness might well be taken to task by current social criticism. In the collection "One Season Shattered," Mr. Daly can be accused neither of compromising his individual sense of poetry nor of trying to escape the hard truths of the present scene. He speaks distinctly and with apprehension from a world of modern men who are trapped with "an old dream gone to their heads." In "Storm Warning," among other prophetic verse, he writes an earnest judgment upon the evils of capitalism. He explains in a prose note that it is a moral and emotional necessity for him occasionally to produce poetry of social content; then, rather than write marginalia upon Marx, he turns with a clear conscience to the natural poetry of his own mind and experience.

This poetry is poised and somewhat introverted, as if the writer wished to suggest that the subjective value of these poems, like that of all poetry that has been good, must appeal without too much display on the poet's part to the reader he cares about. Therefore the best of the verse is carried only to the point where a sure instinct can trust a poem to itself. This is particularly pleasing in writing so stripped and lyrical as "Marine," "Forest Hour" and others of the two sequences. In the less delicate themes of cultivated irony and realism there is the effect of fullness of mind in a poetry not pretentiously induced but existing at first hand, like experience. In the more lyrical verse there is some repetition of felicities of moon, petal and frost. Again, his avoidance of idiosyncracies leaves his English at times disenchanted where spareness itself is admirable, as in the lines:

Father, I crave in certain of my words,
What you had gauntly in your blood and bone.

For the most part the reader is left with an impression of a poet who has achieved a rewarding hold on both feeling and language; and a sophisticated use of form that is con-

The Business of Esthetics

A Modern Book of Esthetics, by Melvin M. Rader. New York: Henry Holt and Company. 530 pages. \$2.60.

ONE WOULD expect esthetics to be pursued by those who are incapable of enjoying art to the full, but who have the patience and the ability to delineate the concrete through the medium of abstractions. Unfortunately, it is only the first condition that most estheticians fulfill. The second, with but few signal exceptions, is entirely neglected—a reason perhaps why most writings in esthetics are childish where not irrelevant, trivial where not erroneous, and unilluminating where not bewildering. It is known too often as the specialty of weak philosophers, the excuse for the promulgation of artistic credos, and the hunting ground for critics who praise or condemn but do not analyze, a field of paradox and contradiction, of platitude and falsehood.

The important contributions to the subject of esthetics have never been made by esthetes, rarely by artists and surprisingly often by men who have little capacity for or experience in "appreciation." Kant (to choose a classical figure), cloistered and practically unfamiliar with works of art, is a landmark in the history of the subject, while Dewey (to choose a modern), though he has little feeling for the rhythm of his own medium, has written possibly his best and certainly one of the most mature works we have recently had on the subject. Yet men as feeble as Clive Bell, defenders of theories as limited and as discredited as those of hedonism and wish-fulfilment, are on an equal footing with the best in the anthologies and histories. A discipline which seems to discuss in one medium that which has been defined as being approachable only in another, which seems to attempt to say in prose what it admits can be conveyed only in poetry, color, marble or music, is bound to confuse and mislead. Yet a subject so basic, so difficult and fascinating should have attracted more men who could identify and discard worthless observations even though they were unable to supply what was significant.

Professor Rader offers a clear but unconscious explanation of the mystery. He assembles thirty recent writers, under a dozen separate headings—arranging them, perhaps deliberately, almost in an ascending order of merit. Taken all together, these writers show esthetics to be a subject that works with concepts borrowed from, but not validated by, other disciplines, completely overrun with strange metaphysical and epistemological hypotheses and discarded psychological theories. Had most of its students first exploited the subjects on which they make it rest, their theories, though somewhat later in maturing, would perhaps have been more mellow. The art object is a unique entity which is at once physical and meaningful, tinged with desire and emotion, the result of the attempt to solidify insight and feeling. To get what an artist means, his art must be enjoyed; but to understand what art means, art must be abandoned. We can discourse profitably about art only if we neglect the art object in order to study the nature and interrelationship of such abstractions as production, expression, meaning, emotion, judgment, form, variety, novelty, value and reality, for it is only in terms of these that we can express art's eternal essence. Yet there is hardly a writer in the book who has dealt critically, systematically and subtly with any of them. Bullough and Dewey are the most conspicuous exceptions; but even they, for the most part, merely point the way and fail to make it.

"A Modern Book of Esthetics" is an anthology that is much better than those hitherto available. Its selections—some of which Professor Rader has himself translated—are largely representative and are long enough to enable one to get the general feel of the writers and the bent of their theories. Each is supplemented by a brief (but unnecessary), summary, and the whole is flanked with an inconsequential introduction and a good working bibliography. An excellent introduction to contemporary thought on the subject, it contains very little of lasting consequence.

PAUL WEISS.

Primitives as People

Primitives and the Supernatural, by Lucien Lévy-Bruhl. New York: E. P. Dutton and Company. 405 pages. \$5.

FOR ALMOST two decades, Professor Lévy-Bruhl has been filling in the picture of what he terms "primitive mentality," attempting to prove that the mental processes of the simpler peoples are not those of civilized man. And being a scholar of great ability, with a gift for clear and logical presentation, it is understandable that his conclusions should have had the vogue they have enjoyed. Yet those who have accepted them are, in the main, philosophers, sociologists and art critics, rather than anthropologists. Why is this? The reason is that modern anthropology has found the "comparative method"—which is employed almost exclusively by the author in this book and in the volumes that have preceded it—inadequate for its purposes. Experience has demonstrated the fallacies that follow when an attempt is made to analyze the life of primitive peoples from the cloistered study alone. Today the student of primitive culture who has no first-hand experience with some tribe is an anomaly. And despite Professor Lévy-Bruhl's attempt to meet this criticism, it not only retains its validity but is strengthened by the treatment of the data found in the present volume.

This is not to say that the propositions in the earlier works of this author concerning the "prelogical mentality" of primitives and concerning the "collective representations" that are held to distinguish their processes of thought from those of civilized folk are to be entirely rejected, any more than it means that the proposition laid down in this book as to the "affective category of the supernatural" (the phrase that sums up the approach of the author to his data) is utterly false. But there are two major fallacies in the entire argument: what is stated as applicable to "primitive man" is not true of all tribes, nor of all individuals in these tribes; while, furthermore, what is so stated is true of what we like to term "civilized" folk to about the same extent and the same degree as it is of primitive peoples.

It is in meeting criticisms of his earlier work that Professor Lévy-Bruhl most clearly indicates the validity of what has just been said regarding his hypothesis of primitive mental processes. Thus, on the very first page of this latest book, he admits that in primitive societies "From time to time, as among ourselves, there are to be found natures inclined to criticism, less amenable to accepted conventions than the rest, even in some cases going as far as skepticism and unbelief." Again, in discussing the beliefs in good and bad luck held by primitives and their methods of enjoying the one and avoiding the other by means of charms and amulets, he speaks of "these facts" as "singularly analogous

though he adds that "they are not so mysterious to primitives as they are to us." None the less, in his discussion of what he terms "dispositions"—characteristics of things that constitute "a kind of autonomous powers which may be considered apart from the persons or things in which they are found"—or of ceremonial life and its expression in ritualistic dances, or of witchcraft, or "unusual occurrences," or defilement and purification—all topics which are documented with quotations from a wide range of sources—the reader who is not swayed by his own ethnocentrism will recognize much that is familiar to him from his everyday surroundings.

Why, indeed, should we attribute to primitive folk the inability to see causal relations, to separate the natural from the supernatural—in short, to think straight as we like to suppose we think straight? Why, on the other hand, should we attribute to all those who have been born into the cultures that (because of a historic accident) have come into possession of writing, a rigor of logical analysis we actually see about us but seldom, and never consistently in one individual on all occasions? People are people, whether they wear bark-cloth or bathing suits; and all cultures must include some persons who can think straight, else they would disappear. Not all the reasoning of primitives, it is true, is the same as ours; not all their categories of causation are what we would term "scientific." Yet it is not impossible to find scientists who are chary of the number thirteen, of philosophers who carry charms on their automobiles to circumvent accidents.

Professor Lévy-Bruhl's book, then, is an admirable exercise in logic and, to a limited extent, a perfectly valid analysis of the processes of thought engaged in by all people, savage or civilized, some of the time, and by some people all of the time. It is easy and interesting to read, and has been excellently translated by Mrs. Clare. I think, however, that the best critique of this book and the theories of its author is contained in a remark made to me a few years ago in Dahomey, West Africa, as I sat talking about the natives and their ways of life with a French political officer. "I do not know much of your subject, Monsieur," he said, "though I have read a little in it. But there is one thing about it I do know. And that is that the theories of M. Lévy-Bruhl concerning primitive mentality apply to no primitive people with which I have ever come into contact."

MELVILLE J. HERSKOVITS.

Exploration: Two Types

Discovery, by Richard E. Byrd. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 426 pages. \$3.75.

The Voyage of the Chelyuskin, by Members of the Expedition, translated by Alec Brown. New York: The Macmillan Company. 337 pages. \$3.50.

ONE STRIKING difference appears in the accounts of these two ventures—the Byrd expedition to the Antarctic, and the attempt of the "Chelyuskin," under Professor Otto Schmidt, to complete a northeast passage along the coast of Siberia in one year. This has to do with the support and encouragement behind the undertakings. In the Byrd book, a whole first chapter is almost entirely devoted to a heartfelt description of the difficulties and humiliations of organizing and financing the expedition. It is a tedious business of radio and advertising tie-ups, of begging campaigns among manufacturers of equipment, of

with pictures of sledge-teams last winter and, incidentally, the expedition set forth. In the case of the "Chelyuskin," itself but a part of a comprehensive governmental plan aimed at the development and exploitation of the rich resources of northern Siberia, such matters were outside the explorers' concern, and seem indeed never to have entered their heads. On page one, so to speak, the expedition sets out—with, probably, not a single package of Ex-Lax in the cargo.

One further difference, too, seems worth noting. In spite of the organizational difficulties involved in transporting so large a party of men to the Antarctic and supporting them while there, the Byrd expedition was remarkably successful, using tractors, dog-sledges and airplanes in a brilliantly coördinated series of excursions over wide areas of Antarctica and accomplishing almost every objective it set out to attain. The "Chelyuskin," on the other hand, failed of its primary purpose. Though it was at one time actually in Bering Strait and within a few miles of open water, the vessel, already beset by ice, was carried back again by the Polar current, to be crushed and sunk (with the loss of one person) eighty miles from the coast. The rest of the party, one hundred and eleven persons in all, were rescued by airplane. In view of all this, it seems noteworthy that the "Chelyuskin" survivors were hailed throughout Russia as heroes, as indeed they deserved, while one needs no very acute ear for public opinion to know that Admiral Byrd, in his own country, is popularly and quite unfairly regarded as something of a comic figure. And one wonders if he may not have an occasional hankering to be at work in a society that would be a little more disinterested in its sponsorship of such projects as he is concerned with, and a little more impartial in its rewards for their success.

Both books are of course designed for the general reader, whose main interest is assumed to be in the "story" of an expedition, its life, its atmosphere, and so on. Of the two, the Byrd book is by far the more interesting, informative and generally readable. The routine of life at the base at Little America, the preparations for the various flights and other projects, the reasons why these projects were undertaken, the dangers involved, are all described lucidly and logically, and the book as a whole gives a remarkably clear picture of big-scale exploration as it is now undertaken.

Compared to it, the "Chelyuskin" account seems confused, inconsecutive—and, oddly enough, at the same time more genuinely moving. This results from the way in which the book was written. As the title indicates, it is a compilation, made up of forty-seven separate accounts, each bearing on separate phases of the expedition, and ranging in length from one to a dozen or more pages and in authorship from the heads of the various scientific sections down to such practical participants as a ship's quartermaster, an engine-room assistant, and so on.

These accounts, at times repetitious and always more or less unrelated, present a curiously jumbled picture of the course of the expedition as a whole. But the very jumble of them, and the wide difference in the points of view represented, and even the repetitiousness, give at times—as in the account of the sinking of the "Chelyuskin," where eleven separate versions are presented—a striking sense of immediacy and vividness to the narrative. It is, at such times, as if everyone concerned were talking at once, and though you may miss the main thread of events, you get their emotional effect more directly than might have been possible in any other way.

Fiction Notes

Old Man Greenlaw, by Kenneth Payson Kempton. New York: Farrar and Rinehart. \$2.50.

MAHLON GREENLAW is a salty old codger who runs a gas station in a Maine seacoast village. The night the poorhouse burns, he picks a mysterious girl out of the brush. He keeps her hidden for a week in a boat stored in his garage. Then Juny, his wife, has a stroke, neatly clearing the way for Old Man Greenlaw to slip the buxom waif into his home as a hired girl. The old lady scarcely helps matters by dying, because by that time the girl has gone out with a filling-station swain and got with child. She and the boy are married and it takes a drowning to make things right again. The book closes with an implied promise that Old Man Greenlaw will not have to sleep alone much longer. All this is not so bad as it sounds, mainly because these characters and situations are nothing but feeders for Old Man Greenlaw. He walks through the book like a natural man. But a character sketch stretched over 300 pages is still a character sketch.

G. M.

Butcher Bird, by Reuben Davis. Boston: Little, Brown and Company. \$2.50.

A very old literary acquaintance, the Good Little Bad Girl, is rediscovered among Mississippi Negro sharecroppers, proving once more what a small world it is, after all. Cinnamon-colored Frony, the hip-swinging, trouble-toting heroine, was wicked yellow Slim's gal. When dependable black Manboy fell in love with her, his partner Gabe said: "She ain't nothing but a butcher bird, one of these here womens that gobbles up all the mens she can, then sticks the rest of them up on thorn trees and barb wire till she gets hongry again." Yet after a little girlish rearing and tearing, Frony settled down and made just the wife Manboy wanted. In the end she even got between him and Slim's pistol, saving his life, and dying with a last kind word for her good and homely rival, Louella. The book, however, is somewhat better than this outline of its threadbare story suggests. It is written with warmth and even with some skill, but suffers from an overworking of homely detail and from a self-conscious overuse of Negro idiom.

M. G.

Uncommon People, by Helen R. Hull. New York: Coward-McCann. \$2.50.

This book of short stories, written in prose as solid and unimaginative as a pair of brogans, illustrates the danger of oversimplification. Mrs. Hull's characters are real as a snapshot is real—two-dimensionally. Everyone knows there are mothers-in-law who are monsters of selfishness, brothers and sons who are wasters and black sheep, etc., but almost everybody knows that there's more to it—and to them—than that. Mrs. Hull has taken her snapshots with so little perspective that her characters seem to be symbols rather than people. Exceptions are "Clay-Shuttered Doors," an eerie and effective ghost story, and "A Reluctant Hero," about a small-town martyr.

E. H.

Locos: A Comedy of Gestures, by Felipe Alfau. New York: Farrar and Rinehart. \$2.50.

A goofy book. Written in 1928; probably in search of a publisher for eight years. The second subtitle of the book reads: "An Author at the Mercy of His Characters." It's

of short stories, most of them containing the same characters. Scene, Madrid. Psychologies, abnormal. Style, affectedly simple. And yet there is a haunting quality about the setting and the characters—necrophiles, suicides, harlots, professional beggars, and a West Indian Don Juan, name of Chinelato, who is revealed in glimpses. A funny story about the infallibility of fingerprints, another about Madrid's plague of thieves; the last story in the book the best, about a man who had a phobia on dogs and on spring. Delicate, spun-glass, affected, irritating, eccentric stuff; not dull.

G. C.

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ROBERT M. COATES is now living in Connecticut and working on two books, one of them dealing with arctic explorations.

The initials signed to the brief reviews are those of George Milburn, Martha Gruening, Elizabeth Huling and Groff Conklin.

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